# *Wylins Fae My Wallet*

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# WYLINS FAE MY WALLET

BY THE LATE

GEORGE ABEL

UDNY

FOREWORD BY PROFESSOR STALKER, D.D.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

ALEXANDER GAMMIE

WITH A PORTRAIT

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# FOREWORD.

THE former students of our Aberdeen College, at their annual gathering in Edinburgh during the sittings of the General Assembly, once placed in the chair a country minister, known to me at the time hardly more than by name. I was astonished, till he began to speak; but then it became clear that those responsible for providing a chairman had known their man; for there flowed from his lips a speech as perfect for geniality, humour, and literary grace as could have been delivered by the most practised after-dinner orator. Since then I have had occasion to see Mr. Abel play many parts; but he has always measured-up to the stature I divined in him that afternoon. In this book he appears in a new character—new to me, but not to his more intimate friends and acquaintances,—and he attains the same easy mastery, combining with the wisdom of a shrewd and kindly teacher the music that delights, and the phrase which cannot be forgotten. These poems will be most enjoyed and oftenest quoted in the part of the country where the Doric in which they are composed is spoken; but I should like to add that, though not having the honour to be an Aberdonian, I can read them without difficulty.

JAMES STALKER.

ABERDEEN, December, 1915.

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# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WITHIN fourteen days after this volume of poems was first published, its author had gone to his last long rest. The tidings of his death, after a very brief illness, came as a sudden shock to his friends; while many who had never met him face to face were touched by the pathos of his passing, just when his career seemed to have reached its zenith. There was felt to be something almost tragic in the circumstances. He lived to see his book published, and to know that it was a success; but he died before it was fully known how signal was the success he had achieved. In view of the fact that in this volume he had left his own memorial, it was felt that some account of his personality should appear in the new edition. The duty of preparing such a notice of his life and work was undertaken by the present writer at the request of the publisher and of Mr. Abel's relatives.

George Abel was born on 29th March, 1856, at the farm of Womblehill, in the parish of Kintore, Aberdeenshire. When he was still quite young, his father removed to North Ley Lodge, another farm in the same parish, where his boyhood days were spent. Those who

remember his parents, speak of them as quiet, worthy people, who were highly respected throughout the whole district. His father was for many years an elder in what was then the Free Church of Kintore, and, while in every way maintaining the traditions of his office, he appears to have been singularly free from narrowness and prejudice, and in advance of his day in his kindly and sympathetic attitude towards the questions which engaged the attention of the young people and the innocent recreations in which they indulged. It was, doubtless, to the influence of the father's personality that the son owed, at any rate in some measure, the breadth of sympathy, and the kindly human outlook, which were so characteristic of his life and work, and which added so greatly to his influence. His widowed mother lived, until her death a few years ago, at the manse in Udny, rejoicing in the place her son had gained for himself in the hearts of the community, and sharing in the tangible gifts of affection bestowed at various times by an attached people. Mr. Abel never married, and one of his sisters lived with him from the beginning of his ministry until her death in 1907, when another sister took her place.

George was the third in a family of six and, along with the others, he went for his early education to Ley Lodge School and the Free Church School in the village of Kintore. Neither the schools nor the church of his earliest years seem to have left any particular impression on his mind or character. It is, at any rate, impossible to trace their influence

in a direct way, and this is confirmed by some of his contemporaries. But, while this is so, it must be remembered that boys going to the University in those days left the village school at a very early age. George Abel can only have been in his early teens when he arrived in Aberdeen with the view of entering the University. He did not proceed to matriculate at once, but went for at least one term to the Gymnasium in Old Aberdeen. This was a well-known high-class school, founded and conducted by Dr. Anderson, who was as prominent in ecclesiastical as in educational circles. Dr. Anderson was at first parish minister of Boyndie, and after he had given up the pulpit for teaching, he was induced to accept the pastorate of Old Aberdeen Free Church. Then, in a few years, he changed his views on the question of infant baptism, and founded a new Baptist congregation in Aberdeen. His work in these two city pastorates was carried on simultaneously with his control of the large and important educational institution which made his name so prominent in the North. The "Gym," as it was popularly called, sent forth many men who rose to eminent positions in various walks of life. Some time after Dr. Anderson's death it ceased to exist, and it is now but a memory of the past. Of Abel's record in its classes, no details are available, but within its walls he made the acquaintance of some fellow-pupils whose names afterwards became widely known.

When he entered the University of Aberdeen for his Arts Course, Abel found himself at once in congenial

company. He made some fast friendships with men whose intimacy he enjoyed, and whose comradeship he retained and valued to the end of his days. Several of them, in their own way, exerted an influence over him which, doubtless, affected his whole after life, and he, on his part and in his own way, left an impress upon them. His influence was ever that of personality. Even in his University days, while he was but a mere lad, he had a very distinct individuality. He came into student life, just as he afterwards came into ministerial life, like a strong breeze of bracing air scattering every vestige of unreality and pretence. Anything like affectation on the part of any of his class-mates he simply could not tolerate. With all his kindness of heart, he could yet be severe on any one whom he suspected of a feeling of sedate superiority, and it is said that, on one occasion, he set himself to take the starch out of one of his fellows. To a friend who gently remonstrated with him for his treatment of the young man, Abel just smiled genially and said, "It is good for his liver and his soul." He could be a terrible tease when he liked. But nothing was more pronounced than his keen sense of humour. "I see him," writes one of his most intimate friends, "as clearly with the mind's eye at this moment, as I saw him on many a frolicsome day in the off-hours at King's. He was the gay comrade who was always in the heart of any fun, he greatly enjoyed a joke, and his ready wit was unfailing. Yet there was never anything bitter in his sallies, and he was a decided favourite with his class-fellows."

He did not specially distinguish himself in any of the classes. Some subjects never appealed to him, and Mathematics he is said to have positively disliked. He passed all the ordinary class examinations, and he is said to have been interested in English, and to have had a certain leaning towards philosophy. Dr. Alexander Bain is supposed to have been the Professor who most impressed him during his Arts Course. He made him think, as he made so many who came under his teaching. Abel, however, all along was more interested in life than in literature, in men than in books. At the same time, his University career can be summed up by saying that he was a good student, and that he trifled with nothing that was necessary to qualify for entering the Divinity Hall.

When he entered the Free Church College in Aberdeen, in 1877, for his Divinity Course, the famous Robertson Smith case was agitating the Church. The stormy days of that great controversy, says a fellow student, "liberalised every man of us with an open mind and a responsive nature, and Abel had both all his days." The Divinity Hall of the Free Church in Aberdeen in those days was not strong. A member of Abel's class describes it thus:—"Principal Brown was brilliant but erratic. We got little from him but flashes of exegesis. Professor Binnie was grave and dull, but a most fatherly and saintly man. We all loved him. We were left to the mercy of tutors in the Hebrew class. The best was Dr. Eaton, now of Glasgow. George Adam Smith began his work after we had

finished with Hebrew, and so we missed him. He influenced us greatly, however, by his first sermons as a probationer at Queen's Cross. It was a new kind of preaching in our ears. It lifted us up and cast us down. This young fellow from Edinburgh had already reached a throne to which we could only wonderingly look up. Again and again we said—each one of us—'I am afraid I shall never be able to preach.' And yet, when Smith came down among us, he was so much one of ourselves that we began to have hope. Of course *the man* who influenced us most of all at the Divinity Hall was Professor (afterwards Principal) Salmond. He taught us to work, and to fear nothing so much as being unprepared for the pulpit. He also showed us how to get at the heart of the great Message of the Bible. I think, however, that the man who chiefly gripped Abel was the Rev. Andrew Doak of Trinity Church. I saw that quite clearly. The ethical passion which Doak put into his preaching, the large-hearted humanity of his teaching, and the fearless Radicalism of the man, seemed to open up a new world for George Abel. He heard a voice that he understood, and I think Doak's ministry helped to determine his life's ideals." Of the accuracy of this impression there can be no doubt. Abel freely acknowledged his debt to Mr. Doak; the two remained on the closest terms of a friendship that ended only with Abel's death; and it was the retirement of Mr. Doak from active pastoral work that called forth the first poem that was ever known to have come from Abel's pen. Abel, it may

be said, did well in all his classes at Divinity, and passed the Board examinations with great credit.

Almost as soon as he left the Divinity Hall, he was appointed to take charge of the mission station at New Byth, near Turriff. He had been there only for a few months when he was called by the congregation of Udny Free Church as colleague and successor to the Rev. George Archibald, who was then retiring from active service. There were strong candidates among those who preached in the vacancy, but Abel was elected by a large majority, and his settlement was marked by the greatest cordiality. He was ordained and inducted on 14th December, 1881, and he remained minister of Udny United Free Church until the day of his death.

It is impossible to refer in anything like detail to the remarkable range and influence of Abel's work at Udny. He speedily gained the esteem and confidence of the people, and his hold only increased with the passing years. Even in outward things, his ministry was a remarkable success. In spite of a declining population, the membership of the church steadily increased, and this increase was specially marked in recent years. The Sunday School was large for a country church, and it had a very fine band of teachers. Among the young people Abel was always remarkably successful. He had a wonderful faculty in persuading them to join the Band of Hope—for he was an earnest Temperance worker—while his Bible Class was a great attraction to the young men and women of the district.

In more recent years, special Sunday evening services were held monthly in the Public Hall. These were always crowded, sometimes to overflowing, and it is no small tribute to Abel's influence that the audiences were largely composed of the farm servant class, who are usually so difficult to reach. Incidentally it may be remarked that Abel had no fondness for Church Courts. In the general work of the parish, however, he took an active part. On the School Board and the Parish Council he gave lengthened and highly-appreciated service. He was very warmly interested in the Udny Mutual Improvement Association, which owed much of its prosperity to his fostering care. He was the highly-esteemed convener of the Udny Public Library Committee, and he took great pains in the selection of the new books. He was himself a lover of books. He read more widely every year—especially in general literature. On the occasion of his semi-jubilee, in 1906, his services were publicly recognised, and, in 1915, at the celebration of the Jubilee of the opening of the church, special reference was made to the continued success of his work and the steady widening of his influence. On the latter occasion the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen were present, and expressed their warm regard for Mr. Abel, and high appreciation of his gifts. "Time and again," said the Marquis, "our esteemed and beloved friend had come to Haddo House Chapel and had given us some of those delightful and refreshing discourses of his—discourses characterised by his fine gifts of imagination and sympathy."

Reference must not be omitted to the fact that, during his ministry, extensive internal improvements were made from time to time on the church fabric, amounting almost to a complete reconstruction, until it is now one of the most comfortable and best equipped of country churches.

But these were only the externals of Abel's life and work. They were the outward manifestations of an influence which touched the deepest roots. His ministry was distinctly a spiritual one. He was at heart a deeply religious man, and, while fearless in regard to his convictions, he had those fine human qualities which endeared him to all. He had a supreme loathing for cant in any form, but his whole being responded to a warm genuine Evangelicalism. All this was reflected in his preaching. In the pulpit he had a remarkable power of his own. He never preached at men; he talked to them. Yet it was not loose talk of any easy kind. He gave much time and thought to the preparation of his sermons. They were carefully written out, and often finished in the early part of the week. Then his mind would brood upon them in the intervening days, and on Sunday he would go into the pulpit full of his subject. He did not by any means adhere slavishly to what he had written when he came face to face with the people. Thus his sermons, while they had the symmetry and the finish of the written discourse, were not the mere repetition of passages laboriously committed to memory, but a living, throbbing, heart to heart talk

with his hearers. Without strain or effort, and with a charming simplicity of style, he was able to express himself with a freshness which arrested and held attention. As Professor Stalker has well remarked, he had a mastery of the phrase which cannot be forgotten. And his thought was marked by the same freshness as his language. In his sermons there was many a touch of originality and often a flash of genius. His pulpit teaching was always distinctly Evangelical in the best sense of the term. His Evangelism was suffused with a rich humanity and a warm sympathy, and he drew men by the cords of love. For so robust a personality, there was a wonderful preponderance of the wooing note in his preaching. In the devotional exercises of the pulpit he had peculiar power. How intimate they were, and yet how reverent! As his big, trustful spirit poured itself out in supplication and intercession, men and women seemed to catch a vision of the things unseen and eternal, and to gain a fresh sense of the reality and nearness of the Father whose love and care were over all His creatures.

There can be no doubt, however, that the secret of Abel's power in preaching could be traced, to a large extent, to his personality. The man was always greater than the preacher. His own personality was his greatest asset and his most powerful appeal to his fellowmen. He impressed everyone with his absolute genuineness and transparent honesty. Of affectation, or artificiality, he had never the slightest trace. He went out and in among the people all the years of his

ministry in a way that made him ever the welcome visitor, alike the friend of rich and poor, and one who was equally at home in the castle and in the cottage. A "big human" was the phrase often aptly applied to him. Last year, when on his way to his holidays, he went in passing to see one of his old College class-fellows. When the maid asked, "Who shall I say has called?" he answered with characteristic humour, "A man." As she went to tell her master, she remarked, "He says he is a man, but I am sure he is a gentleman." "Yes," writes his old comrade, recalling the incident, "a man and a gentleman—that was George Abel."

The wit and humour of his early days were never lost—in fact, they seemed to become ever readier although, perhaps, they mellowed with the years. His pawky sayings, especially in the familiar Doric which ever came to him so easily, will be treasured for many a day. He was fond of a joke; he loved a good story; and as a raconteur he excelled. While he had always a quick eye for the humorous, he was just as ready to feel the pathos of life. He had a rich sympathetic nature, and his very presence in homes darkened by sorrow seemed to bring a sense of comfort to the broken-hearted. At the celebration of Abel's semi-jubilee, in 1906, Principal Sir George Adam Smith (who was then Professor in Glasgow United Free Church College) sent an apology for absence, in course of which he wrote of his friend:—"Twenty-five years ago we started him upon his way with full confidence in the powers of his mind and heart to fulfil his ministry

well, and, to-day, we who love him, can reflect with a sincere pride upon the clean, thorough work God has enabled him to do all through, the honesty and strength of it all, the nature and courage of it. He is one of the best-hearted men I know, with a power of affection and a genuine humility." These words, written when the twenty-fifth milestone of his ministry had been reached, are as true to-day when his ministry is closed for ever and we can view it as a whole.

It was not until Abel had been many years at Udny that he began to express himself in verse. The first poem known to have come from his pen was, as already indicated, the fine tribute he wrote on the occasion of the retirement of his friend, the Rev. Andrew Doak, from active pastoral work. It appeared in the *Aberdeen Evening Express* in 1900, under the title of "The Farewell of an Ex-Captain," and at once attracted attention. Abel received many appreciative letters regarding his effort. These came from all quarters, one of the most striking and one which he specially prized, being from a prominent Roman Catholic layman in Aberdeen. To many of his own friends this evidence of his poetic gifts came as a revelation and a surprise. It may seem strange that he should, after all these years, have suddenly and unexpectedly produced such verses and then have followed them up by so many contributions from his pen. The latent power of the man had been unsuspected even by many who knew him well. Yet the matter can be traced to its source. The Lecturer on Elocution at the Divinity Hall can tell of

how, "while many of the students had read English Literature widely, not one of them so 'hugged' the words of the poets to his heart as Abel did. He learned with the utmost ease any poem prescribed for exercise, and in his repetition he 'lilted' it as whole-heartedly as poets do." A class-fellow confirms this impression. "As a student," he says, "Abel was always singing or reciting Scotch songs in the 'liberties' of the class-room and in his lodgings. Indeed, however serious our talk might be, there would be a bit of a song from George at some point. Musical words, phrases, and airs, rhymed on in his head. He was, too, an ardent student of Shakespeare and Burns. He loved every word that revealed the real heart in men and women." From all this it can be gathered that the spirit was in him all the time, although he was long in finding that he could give expression to it. It was a case of genius flowering late.

Encouraged by the success of his first effort, he went on to further achievements. He found an outlet for the music in his own soul and a means of giving expression to what he felt alike of the humour and the pathos of everyday life with all its heart-aches and burdens and silent heroisms. With the exception of his first piece and one or two others, he always made the Aberdeenshire Doric his vehicle of expression. It came to him quite naturally, for he was literally steeped in the vernacular, and few could equal him in the extent of his vocabulary. His verses came from him apparently with the utmost ease. He had no fixed

plans; he just wrote when the spirit possessed him. He expressed himself as naturally and as readily as any singing bird

> "Sets him to sing his morning roundelay,
> Because he likes to sing, and loves the song."

His poems continued to appear at irregular intervals in the local papers until the signature of "G. A., Udny," became well known. A wide public in the North of Scotland came to appreciate his writings, and natives of the district, scattered far and wide throughout the world, gave them an enthusiastic welcome, for the Doric of their youth in the hands of a master awakened tender memories of the old homeland. From time to time the author was pressed by admirers, both at home and abroad, to publish a collection of his poems in book form. He was, however, shy and diffident about his own work, and it was only in the autumn of 1915, when he received an offer from Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, that he was brought to a decision. He accepted the offer, and *Wylins Fae My Wallet* appeared in December. It will always be a certain satisfaction to his friends that he lived to see his book actually published, and that he was able to rejoice in his own hearty, genial, unaffected way at the first tidings of its success. Other avenues of influence had been opening up to him. For some months before his death he had been contributing a series of "Fireside Cracks" to the *Peoples' Journal*. These were written in the Aberdeenshire Doric, and not only were they becoming

increasingly popular, but they also gave promise of developing his gifts along other lines, and of still further increasing his influence among the people in the country districts.

The end came with startling suddenness. On Friday, 24th December, 1915, he left Udny to exchange pulpits with his younger brother, the Rev. Arthur C. Abel, of Dudhope United Free Church, Dundee. He was then to all appearance in his usual health, but he caught a chill on the way south. On the Sunday forenoon he preached in Dudhope Church, but he was unable to take the evening service. He was then confined to bed in his brother's house, pneumonia developed during the week, and on the morning of Sunday, 2nd January, 1916, he passed away. His illness was so brief that few of his friends had even heard of it, and the tidings of his death could scarcely be credited. Men seemed almost unable to realise that the big burly figure so recently in their midst would be seen no more, and that they would never look again into that kindly, honest face. Abel had a genius for friendship, and every one who knew him mourned the loss of a friend.

The funeral took place at Udny on Wednesday, 4th January, 1916, amid such universal tributes of respect as will make the day memorable in the history of the parish. Men of all ranks and classes had gathered from far and near, and few who were present will forget the scene. It was fitting that the poet-preacher should be laid to rest in the

quiet country churchyard of the district he loved so well, and that he should have for his dirge the "soughin' win'," of which he so often wrote. The great company stood around the open grave as the committal prayer was said by Principal Sir George Adam Smith, and then they took their last farewell of George Abel until he answers at "the roll-ca' yont the stars."

In Arthur Warwick's posthumous work—his only book and the solitary monument of his quiet and beautiful life—this motto is inscribed on the title-page:—"Absalom had no son so he built him a pillar in the king's dale." George Abel in this book has "built him a pillar in the king's dale" which will keep his name alive. And in the hearts of those who knew and loved him there will ever be a fragrant memory of the man himself.

ALEXANDER GAMMIE.

Aberdeen,
*February, 1916.*

# Wylins Fae My Wallet.

## THE DEEIN' POACHER.

I HIV snared my hinmost mawkin, I hae bagg'd my
hinmost bird;
I will tramp nae mair the snaw, nor yet the green;
Sure, afore the pheasants fatten, I'll be sleepin' i' the
yird,
For I saw the doctor shakin's heid the streen.

Ay, the keeper will be lauchin'—curse his knicker-
bocker'd legs!—
An' the laird 'll hae less sweerin' on his sowl;
The 'll be peace amo' the heather, an' the plantins, an'
the segs,
For the poacher's leavin' man, an' beast, an' fowl.

Yet I'd like anither sizzon, for the hatchin' time was
dry,
An' the simmer's been a beauty a' the time;
The 'll be muckle bags for gamey, an' aneuch for me
forby—
Gin I only cud get stoot, I'd risk the crime.

But this bloomin' hoast is killin', an' my spurtle shanks
are sair,
Fegs! I never was sae tired upo' the hill;
It's my crawlin' i' the ditches, an' my wand'rin' late
an' air',
His played Harry wi' the life o' Poacher Bill.

The parson, couthie body, he was here on Tyesday
nicht,
An' he tell't me fat I am, an' didna spare;
But he tell't me o' the huntin' lan's ayont the eagle's
flicht:
Man, he even trysted me to meet him there!

Oh! I win'er if there's mercy to gie chaps like me a
chance:
Oh! I win'er if it's trowth the parson said:
It wad gar my pulses canter, an' my dacklin hert to
dance,
War I sure my black accoont his a' been paid.

I hae tastit little mercy, for 'twas aye the saxty days;
But the Shirra winna hae the hinmost word:
If I only cud but lippen as I ocht, the Pilot says,
I'd get thro' the swallin' river at the ford.

## THE LAN' O' ANITHER CHANCE.

FAR across this wardle's hill-taps do I cast my weary glance—
They hae kirsen'd it the Countrie o' the Leal—
Whaur the aefauld an' forfochen wichts will get anither chance,
Whaur there's nane to pit a sprag upo' their wheel.

I hae little i' my moggin as I clim' the hinmost brae,
Tho' I tyauv'd upon my haudin late an' air';
There was naething threeve but dockens—nether girse, nor neeps, nor strae—
But I'm howpin' I'll dee better up the Stair.

We had twice the wicket pleura, an' we'd aince the fit-an'-moo,
We had braxy, there was fivver 'mong the kine;
But the warst o' a' misfortunes—I can hardly tell't to you—
Fin the wife begood to dwine i' the decline.

Oh! it's little hae I made o' it, an' little I'm thocht o',
An' at me the foggit billies glow'r askance;
This is no a chummy warld for him whause boatie disna row,
But there's Ane sticks close wha'll gie anither chance.

Sure ayont the muckle mountains that do mairch the countries twa,
There are haudins whaur the tack 'll ne'er rin oot,
Whaur a' thrives to eident wirkers, an' there's naething crines ava,
Whaur the sizzons bring nae dool, nor dreed, nor doot.

I'll forgaither wi' aul' cronies, an' wi' missin' wife an' weans,
An' oor hoose 'll be whaur God pinned aff the stance;
There we'll sing "The Lord's my Shepherd," an' we'll ken syne fat it means,
I' the Lan' whaur leal an' trauchlet get their chance.

## THE MITHER'S AE BAIRN.

GOD gied my man an' me a bairn,
But only ane;
A strappin' lass was Annie Nairn,
Her marrow nane.

Her face was fair as simmer's broo
At mornin' tide,
Her hert was pure as fa'in' dew
On mountain side.

An' ithers saw her winnin' wirth,
Swains swarmed like bees,
An' some o' them o' gentle birth,
Wi' pedigrees.

But Death, the suitor, wan the day,
Tho' hard she struve;
He got her han', tho' she said nay,
But nae her luve.

Yet Annie wisna lang his bride;
She chait the banns,
An' sailed awa on early tide
To ither lan's,

Whaur dowie Death daur ne'er set fit
An' his nae say,
Whaur lovin' herts need never flit
Throu' en'less day.

An' there my Annie waits for me,
An' a' that murn;
Sure we'll forgaither whaur we'll be
A couthie curn.

## THE MUSIN'S O' A FAIRMER'S DOG.

I'M gled I am a fairmer's dog,
  An' nae a shepherd's yelp;
It's better grub, an' langer rists,
  An' seldomer a skelp.

My dish is full't three times a day
  Wi' fat's gyaun but an' ben,
An' files a moufu', o' the sly,
  I pilk fae cat an' hen.

They bed my cooch wi' aiten strae,
  Far I can drowse an' sleep;
They dinna mak' me fob wi' wark
  Sin they gied up the sheep.

The baillie loon, that widdiefu',
  Files sets me at the kye;
The maister scauls, exceptin' fin
  The gager looks in-by.

It's something aboot leeshinsin'
  That gars him cheenge his tune;
He disna pey for me gin I'm
  A han' as weel's the loon.

Of coorse, I dee some watchin', tee,
An' fleg the gangrel clan,
An' at an unco fit at nicht
I raise a gey ran-dan.

I dee mair barkin' files, I doot,
Than ony o' them like;
They widna hae me min' the meen
Nor conter Hilly's tyke!

But fin the maiden wints her lad,
'At bides ayont oor rigs,
I ken richt weel to bark my best
As we gyang by his digs.

Gin he comes oot, an' doon the road,
I'm seer to get a clap;
I'm nae blackguairded for my din,
But hae a brandy snap.

There's ae thing 'at I canna thole,
An' that's to hird the craws—
To scamper owre the tatie-grun
Aneth their lood guffas.

I like to gyang wi' plooman Tam,
Sae roch an' richt an' droll,
An' guaird his jacket o' the fleed,
Aside a rabbit's hole.

I like fin there's a ruck taen in
To full the barn laft,
An' I can crack the rottans' backs
Afore they bite my chaft.

An' mony ither ploys, awat,
Are fairly to my taste;
It's braw to be a fairmer's dog,
His billet's 'boot the best.

But, och, I'm nae sae soople noo
To rin a mile or twa,
I'm hirplin' like my mither did
Afore she gaed awa.

I kenna far she gaed, ava,
Nor far they will pit me,
But I wid be a fairmer's dog
Farever I may be.

## LEAVIN' THE FAIRM.

THE lease is deen, an' sae am I,
The three nineteens hiv gallop'd by;
I haed the tack fin young an' spry,
But waes me noo!

I've seen fower lairds in fifety year—
They dinna laist as factors weer—
An' they maun gyang an' leave their gear
Jist like the lave.

Fin I cam' here 'twis but a scaup,
Its awcres widna keept a whaup;
I fairly haed a scrimpy caup
Fin I begood.

I tapdressed weel afore the ploo,
An' keepit stas an' midden foo,
I giddered wides, an' oot I blew
The heathen steens.

I drained it far the beasties laired,
Cleaned oot the stripes yaird efter yaird,
The dikes an' pailin's I repaired,
An' made them trig.

I reeve in fae the hedder moor,
An' I haed darger chiels galore,
An' added awcres near a score
Ontill the fairm.

An' sae for forty year an 'mair
I haed the bouns for twa gweed pair,
Forby a shalt to tak' its share
At orra wark.

I ken ilk rig upo' the place;
They're dearer that I cheenged their face,
An' set them growin' neeps an' gress
Wi' a' their micht.

But I maun leave the haudin noo,
The wecht o' years is garrin's boo,
An' win' an' limb are owre far thro'
For ane in chairge.

The mistress, tee, has sair come doon;
The mony jots 'boot hoose an' toon
Are nae for ane wi' sic a croon
O' fitened thack.

She cam' wi' me fin I cam' here,
An' weel she's hauden in the gear;
"The better horse is the grey mear,"
The neebours said.

She maybe is; I winna say:
But baith hiv hid oor turn an' day;
Thegither doon the road we'll gae,
Leal, lovin' herts.

We've taen a craft wi' ae coo's maet—
It's handy that it wis to let—
For file we're kneef an' at the gate
We need some ploy.

I'm gled it's near the Hoose o' Gweed,
For Jean an' me hiv aye gien heed
To mair than a bit daily breid
That disna laist.

We'll manage to creep up the road,
An' hear the Wird, an' meet wi' God,
An' pit oor offerin's i' the brod,
Thanks till His name.

We'll aften think upo' the fairm,
But mair aboot the hinmost term,
Tho' nae, I howp, to dee us hairm,
An' hinmost flit.

## THE OOTLIN.

I'M back to Starnyfinnan efter fifety years awa,
An' hardly meet a livin' sowl wi' whom I eesed to jaw;
I fin' mysel' an ootlin i' the pairis' that wis hame;
I coontit upo' cheenges here, but naething noo's the same.

The hoosies o' the clachan 'at I left in claes o' thack,
They're spick an' span wi' cans an' sclaits upo' their heid an' back;
Nae doot, it's richt an' up to date; but, man, I miss the breem,
An' this is nae the clachan o' my hamesick, nichtly dream.

The kirks are nae the same to me; the ministers are new;
I dinna see sae mony fowk on Sawbath i' the pew;
The dominie is nae like fat I haed fin at the skweel;
The doctor 's unco wise-like, but I dinna ken the chiel.

I miss the canny joggin' o' the days fin I wis here,
Fin we wid tak' a file to sneeze, an' rade on Shanks's mear;
But a'thing noo's like lichtnin', wi' their cars, an' bikes, an' 'phones;
They daur misca' oor forbeers for a lot o' lazy drones.

I miss the muckle thochts an' howps o' whilk we aften spoke,
The gweed an' bonny custom, tee, o' Robbie's cottar folk;*
The youngsters noo they rowle the reest, their moos they winna sneck,
Their paarents get their cheek an' tongue, but dinna get respeck.

I miss the pairis' dafties—an' o' them we haed a fyow;
There's Sandy wi' a pooch o' stanes to tak' him thro' a row;
There's Meg upo' her daily roons wi' half a dizzen dogs,
An' Davie at a preachin' bout, an' Jock in weemen's togs.

We leuch at them, we grat for them, they made us gled an' wae;
But gin I binna sair mistaen, they've wiser heids the day;
An' gin we dinna men' oor wyes, an' up an' fecht the deil,
We'll see, when ilk comes till his ain, fa' wis the biggest feel.

* Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night."

Ye bid me stop my chirmin, for ye say that it's ill-faured;
But, min' ye, I'm an ootlin here excep' i' the kirkyard,
An' cronies there, they winna speak as i' the days o' aul'—
My cert! they're seelent billies that are lyin' i' *that* faul'.

I thocht to pack my pyockies, an' gae back across the sea,
But Nance, my faithfu' pairtner, has refeesed to gyang wi' me;
Ah weel, I'll hae a freen an' chum fin she's abeen the sod,
An' I'll get back the ither anes when comes the ca' o' God.

## AN AUL' MAN'S MUSIN'S BY THE SEA.

O THE sea is aul' an' grey,
For she's seen an auncient day;
An' I ken I'm aul' an' deen,
Sae I greet her as a freen.

O the sea is young an' new,
Like a mornin' sky o' blue,
An' she woos the bairnie ban'
Wi' her glist'nin' shalls an' san'.

O the sea's a muckle hert,
For she welcomes dull an' smert—
Baith the ragget fae slumlan',
An' the gentry spick an' span.

Ay, she broons the cheeks o' wealth
Wi' the tan o' lusty health,
An' her tonic to the peer
Isna scrimp, an' isna dear.

She's her humours like the lave,
Sometimes gay, an' sometimes grave,
Noo a cuddle, noo a cloot,
Lauchin', froonin', time aboot.

She's her shallas an' her deeps,
She's her valleys an' her steeps,
An' fae them she gets at me,
For I hiv the same as she.

I hae h'ard her mony years,
Files in frolic, files wi' tears;
Noo I'm near my hinmost sleep,
Cranin' maist for voices deep.

Noo I'm neth the evenin' star,
Heark'nin' for the souns fae far,
Deen wi' shallas an' the near;
Deep an' distant I maun hear.

Sirs, the ocean speaks to me
O' the things that never dee,
Waukens echoes o' a creed
That is nae o' flesh an' bleed,

Sings o' hames, in mony tunes,
Farrer than her farrest boun's,
Farrer than the farrest blue,
Farrer than the birds e'er flew.

It 's the tryst o' Him, I deem,
Wha fulfils the swalla's dream,
Wha will ne'er brak faith wi' me,
An' Whause ocean daurna lee.

## THE DOCTOR.

WE kent the doctor's biggin' weel,
Doon at the turnpike crook;
An' aften as I gaed to skweel,
A message there I took.

"An', laddie, try an' see himsel,"
The neebours yelled to me;
"Min', gin ye dinna ring the bell,
Nae doctor we may see."

For Jinse, 'at keepit hoose, wis aul',
Had dottlin' been for lang,
Foryet fat she wis clairly taul',
An' sent the doctor vrang.

She pat him to the mullert's wife,
Instead o' Gowpenwell,
A pooshan'd laddie lost the life,
'Cause Jinse foryet to tell.

The doctor wisna sweer to road,
Tho' sleepin' deid wi' fag;
He seen wis up, an' cled, an' shod,
An' stridelins on his nag.

In lambin' time, at midnicht 'oor,
The shepherd h'ard the trot;
The poachers h'ard it fae the moor,
But didna care a jot.

In saidle aft, an' syne in gig,
At beck o' great an' sma',
An' never war his chairges big,
An' files nae chairge ava.

He'd spen' a nicht in some peer hoose,
An' never get a bite,
Excep' fae social flech or loose,
Wha peetied 's weary wyte.

His skeel was trusted but an' ben,
Wi' fivver, hoast, an' drow,
An' fin he cudna guess or ken,
He kent to shut his moo.

To tell their sairs aul' wives laid wait,
Hallo'd him at a mile;
The bairnies shammed jist for to get
His penny an' his smile.

Folk sent for him tho' nae oonweel;
He kent fine fat to dee;
He gied to them a breid-made peel,
An' coloured-water bree.

He kent lang seen fat noo is clair—
For he was i' the van—
That lovin' faith 'll aft dee mair
Than pheesic jibbles can.

An' sae for forty years an' three
He helpit ane an' a':
We gat him near the sheilin' tree
Smored in a wraith o' sna.

The shepherd taul' him nae to come
Afore 'twas mornin' licht,
That there war wraiths as heich's the lum,
An' roads war oot o' sicht.

But Jean was a' the shepherd haed,
His love an' pridefu' care;
The doctor cudna rist in bed
Fin life hung by a hair.

He faced the mirk nicht's fearsome moan,
An' leggit up the steep;
But foonert, an' the drowse cam' on,
An' seen his himmost sleep.

We brak' the news to little Jean;
Her een grew weet an' dim;
"He canna gyang to Heaven his leen,
An' I maun eftir him."

The shepherd an' his sabbin' wife
  Loot's pit them in ae grave—
The man that blithely gied his life,
  The lass he tried to save.

We buried them in frost an' sna,
  Oor dirge the soughin' win',
But saw them meetin' far awa,
  Their tribbles left ahin'.

For him nae mair the midnicht ring,
  An' fechts wi' mortal waes;
For her nae mair shud winter bring
  The croup an' waesome days.

The Lan' o' bonny health they reach,
  For which my hert sair pines,
Far parsons never need to preach,
  Nor doctors vreet oot lines.

## THE DOMINIE.

THE skweel steed by the wimplin' Don,
In sicht o' Benachie,
An' there the howpfu' mither's son
Gat lear, an' smeddum, tee.

The Dominie I'll ne'er forget
As lang's my mem'ry bides,
His pictur' in my hert is set,
Unblurred by times an' tides.

His quizzin' een ahin' the specks,
His croon o' toozlet hair,
His sonsy cheeks like bulgin' secks,
A chin twa-faul an' mair.

But kibble he on hills an' dales,
On fleer, on stour, or mud;
His heid weel first, the swalla'-tails
Gaed efter as they cud.

Oor Domsie never took a wife,
Aul' Bet o' hoose had care;
Wi' her he had aneuch o' strife;
He widna risk nae mair.

We kent fin there had been a strush,
The tag was to the fore;
Wi' mair than ane he had a brush,
The thrashin's war galore.

But dear to me that lang, lang syne,
In spite o' tag an' dunt;
'Twas then I gat the best that's mine
For time, an' far ayont.

I leernt to coont, an' vreet, an' read,
Gat map an' gremmar dreel,
Cud tell fan kings had lived an' dee'd,
An' Latin verbs aff-reel.

But best o' a', I leernt the Buik
That lifts the human lot;
Had catechis sax times an ouk—
As aft's the pottage pot.

The Maister ever did his pairt
To teach the wyes o' Gweed,
An' that a clean an' lovin' hert
Was mair than brainy heid.

An' fat he bade's he wis himsel',
Nae pick o' hate nor spite;
Fin throu' the reek we got oor kail,
'Twas a' Aul' Betty's wyte.

Fin we gaed oot the warl' to try,
  At poopit, shop, or pleuch,
There aye was on's the Maister's eye,
  An' that was seer aneuch.

Whan we wan hame to see oor folks,
  To Domsie's we gaed owre,
An' got a sneeshin' fae his box,
  A kin'ly wird an' glower.

But, oh thae days are far ahin's,
  An' Domsie's sleepin' soun',
An' near him aye the river rins,
  An' Benachie looks doon.

The Maister had a fun'ral braw;
  A kist o' oak wi' bress,
O' kerridges a half-mile raw,
  Ilk chiel in Sawbath dress.

We thocht that he was wirth't an' mair,
  For years o' lawbor spent;
I'll vooch they thocht sae up the Stair,
  Far wirth is better kent.

Ay, gin there be a farrer lan',
  Far fowk come to their ain,
Far honest wark we here began,
  We'll there begin again;

Gin there is still in front a task,
Mair things we need to ken,
Oor Domsie will be at the dask,
For he was aye far ben.

An' I will tak' a raith, or mair,
An' hear him ca' my name,
An' he will mak' the drumly clair,
An' Heaven 'll be like hame.

## TO THE MEEN.

FIN days are short, an' nichts are lang,
An' country billies furth maun gyang,
It's blithe to see ye hale an' strang,
O freenly meen!

The streen I haed to cross the muir,
The road was roch, an' late the oor,
I'd fa'en an' peeled my shins for sure
But for yer licht.

They say that ye are nae sae far
As starns an' planets maistly are;
They brag they'll look ye up by car;
But I hae doots.

Ye're near aneuch to far we bide,
Ye're near aneuch to rowle the tide,
An' rax the day owre kwintra side
In hairvest time.

They speer if there are fowk abeen?
The glaiket breets, gin they had een,
They'd see the Mannie o' the Meen,
An' haud their tongues.

There's never on yer face a snarl,
Altho' ye hae to trail that carl
Aroon an' roon the muckle warl',
Year in an' oot.

But files, I doot, ye greet, my queen;
'Mang mairriet folk ye're nae yer leen;
An' fat's that broch aroon yer sheen
But sautie tears?

An' aften efter ye hae grat,
The lift in sympathy grows wat,
An' doon there comes on kwite an' hat
The bickerin' rain.

Some sweer that widder's i' yer pooer,
That fin for ouks we've had a stour,
A cheenge o' meen 'll gar't gae owre;
But ithers lauch.

An' sae the argie-bargies rin;
Tho' quaet yersel', ye roose some din,
An' fader will fa oot wi' sin,
On your accoont.

But never min'; haud on yer wye;
Ye've mony freens aneth the sky;
Keep at yer job till a' sall lie
Amo' the mools.

The day 'll come fin ye'll get rist,
Fin a'thing here has turned to dist;
The Hame o' Life ayon the mist
Needs nae yer licht.

## THE BAWBEE AN' THE BOB.

I WIS sittin' on the dresser as the gloam began to fa',
An' wis glow'rin' at the peats upo' the fire,
Nae a cratur but nor ben, excep' the rottans i' the wa',
For the men were oot, the weemen at the byre.

But as seer's my name is Tamson, there was speakin' i' the hoose,
An' the nyatter'd wirds were near me, I could vooch,
So I cock'd my lugs fu' glegly, file I sat as quaet's a moose,
Till I track'd the argie-bargie to my pooch.

Then I thocht what could be there ava to keep up sic a jaw,
An' I claw'd my lyart haffets, strok'd my nob,
An' this was fat I made o' it, as seer 's a craw's a craw—
There was naething but a bawbee an' a bob.

Said the shillin', high an' nichty-like, "How daur ye chum wi' me?
Jist an ill-faur't, broon-faced sharger ca'd a maik,
I am wirth twa dizzen coppers o' yer name an' low degree,
It's lang time the Mint had gien ye a' the saick."

But the bawbee wisna seelence'd, nor wad tak' it lyin' doon—
"There is nether o's a giant, so methinks,
An' altho' it hurts your lordly een, I maun alloo I'm broon,
But it betters the fite-iron sheen o' tinks.

"Och, I weel ken fat they ca' me i' the orra vulgar mob,
'At 'll hardly gie a dacent coin his due,
But there's twa things ye will min' on—that they've kirsen'd you a bob,
An' I'm aftener i' the kirk, I'll sweer, than you."

But I h'ard nae mair for lauchin', for I leuch like ane gane gyte,
Ay, I leuch through a' the forenicht, an' the mirk;
I've been lauchin' aff an' on sin seen whene'er I min' the bite
At the Scottie wi' his bawbee i' the kirk.

## THE MEAL AN' ALE.

THEY planned it at the market, far they baith were buyin' kye,
Wi' a sample o' the barley i' their kwite,
That Backie till his meal an' ale wad tak' a step owre by,
An' like neebours hae a hamely sup an' bite.

"But min'," said Mains, "the ploitery roads, an' that the meen's awa';
Ye'll be seer to fesh a lantern i' your hand;
Your een are no sae clever as when we were laddies twa,
Gin ye snapper at the briggie ye'll be pranned."

So Backie took his lantern—fin the wife had made him snod—
An' got throu' the clorty feedles wintin' hairm,
He sowfed himsel' across the brig, an' up the Tinklers' Road,
Then he lap the stile 'at stan's forenent the fairm.

The nicht gaed by like winkin'—Och, I min' the splorey weel—
But the fairmers didna fash the kitchie lang;

They slippet ben the hoose, far ale was rifer than the meal,
An' they blebbet there till baith their heids were wrang.

'Twas twal fin Backie startit for his biggin' yont the burn,
But he fear'd na fire nor water, man nor deil,
Lat him only get his lantern 'at had deen sae weel its turn,
An' he'd cairry Mains's ale as easy's meal.

. . . . . .

He ne'er gied a' the rinnins o' the hameward tramp that nicht,
But he thocht he beddit's lantern at the stack:
He swore 'twas byous wechty, an' most awfu' scrimp o' licht,
An' whene'er he spak he aye got answer back.

His mistress tell't me, froonin', o' the proticks o' her man,
An' that Mains sent owre a letter in a rage;
"Dear sir,—Herewith's your lantern 'at ye left upo' my han',
You will please return my parrot an' my cage."

## HUMOUR.

O DINNA think it wrang to lauch,
To see the fun o' things,
For mirth, it is a medicine
To peer fowk an' to kings.

They say that far abeen the lift
The fires o' humour play,
That God Himsel' raxed doon some quiles
To cheer oor mortal day.

I hear the thunner's lood guffa,
That gars the rafters dirl,
I watch the aul' wind's idelty,
When oot upo' the birl.

The wee roy't kittlins on the hearth,
The lammies on the lea,
The doggies at their tackie games,
The monkeys on the tree—

Far can the craturs get it a'?
Heaven's aumrie gies 't, I think:
War we but gleg I'm sure we'd see
The vera wirmies wink.

But fawvour't man has mair than a'
O' humour in his e'e;
The beasts, they get a gowpenfu';
An oxterfu' has he.

He needs it, for there's mony whisks
An' scaums abeen the sod;
He needs it, as the tourin' lum
Maun hae its lichtnin'-rod.

There's mony freenships wid be smash't,
An' mony joys tak' wings,
But for the licht by which we see
The fun o' fowk an' things.

So we will gie oor thanks an eke,
For sel's an' for the race,
An' pray that Gweed sen' doon galore
Kind humour's savin' grace.

## LAUCHIN WILLIE.

THEY say he leuch fin he was born—
The doctor gat a scare;
His face was fite as frostit corn
As he cam' doon the stair.

He'd never haed a case like that,
Nor read o't in his buik;
An' knacky he pat on his hat,
An' nippet roon the neuk.

Sae Will begood wi' lauchs an' craws,
He widna sleep nor drowse;
The cradle rockit till's guffaws—
They didna think it mowse.

Fin Willie gaed to skweel at five,
A' trig wi' kaim an' soap,
He cheeng't it fae an eident hive
Intill a snick'rin' shop.

The maister frooned an' feemed; but na,
He cudna stop the souch,
He lun'ert Will, the deed o' a',
But Willie only leuch.

His fader took him hame to wirk
  Fan skweelin' days war by,
An' so there cam' a mirky birk
  Amo' the milkin' kye.

The crummies shook their horny heids—
  They cudna mak' him oot;
An' never cud they chaw their queeds
  Fin Willie wis aboot.

His lauchin set the cocks to craw,
  The hens to flap the wing,
The bubbly habbert oot his jaw,
  The pigs danced jingo-ring.

Fin Willie cam' to haud the pleuch,
  A beard fae lug to lug,
'Twas aye the mair that Willie leuch,
  The mair the mears wid rug.

I've h'ard that Willie socht a quine,
  But that she gied him nay,
An' that a lauch, wi' ne'er a whine,
  Wis a' he hid to say.

Gin ever Willie fairms the toon,
  An' sits his fader's seat,
Fatever be his up or doon,
  He'll keep his lauch, I beet.

An' fin the nicht comes owre the hill,
The nicht we a' maun meet,
He winna lauch—gweed, honest Bill—
Bit, fegs! he winna greet.

## A SCOTCH FAIRMER'S PRAYER.

ALMICHTY KING, my fader's God,
Hoo can I leuk Thee in the face?
Yet aye I've lippened to Thy grace,
An' will dee file abeen the sod.

Anither day has steek't its e'e:
Forfochen wi' its moil an' dist,
I pray for peacefu' oors o' rist,
An' cowerin sleep, a' gifts fae Thee.

For scores o' mercies tak' my praise,
For micht to gyang my eeswal roons,
An' haud my ain wi' market loons,
For hame an' freens, for breid an' claes.

But maist for Him 'at cam' fae far,
An' 'gainst the deevil teuk oor side—
The Son o' Man 'at cam' to bide,
An' help us throu' the sowl's teuch war.

Forgie my sins, mistaks I've made,
Forgie a fairmer's wattery faith,
For aye I'm dreedin' wraith an' scaith;
They say compleenin' is my trade.

Hae mercy, Lord, gin I've been near:
I think I hiv' been feckly straucht,
But on my breist there sits a waucht
For sellin' faut-free yon grey mear.

There's been owre mony market drams;
My warldliness maun Thee provoke,
For oh! my hert's aye i' the yoke,
My thochts owre aft atween the trams.

The sins 'at I've forgot forgie,
An' hap them wi' Thy mercy's han';
The Lord remembers mair than man,
He's better at forgettin', tee.

Lord, keep me ever on the squaar,
May kin'ly wirds an' deeds be rife,
An' leern me that there's mair in life
Than neeps an' strae, than kye an' car.

A maister fair I'd like to be,
An' widna scaul fin I sid reeze,
Nor fat's in rizzon e'er refeese,
For mair than that Thou'st been to me.

I pray that a' aboot this hame,
Espeeshially my flesh an' bleed,
May never see in me but gweed,
Nor ever blush to hear my name.

Oh! may my laddies dee their pairt;
  Lord, hird them fae the wyes o' ill,
  An' gie to Jock as strong a will
As Thou hast gi'en a ten'er hert.

My dothers, Rosie, Jean, an' Liz—
  I thank Thee for the bonny bairns—
  Lord, guaird them fae the deevil's girns,
Lat them grow as their mither is.

Fatever sin'rins lie in front,
  Fatever be oor up an' doon,
  Lord, guide us to the Gowden Toon,
Far we'll forget ilk scaud an' dunt.

## A CAUL WELCOME.

Fin I gaed to the kirk wi' Nan,
The fowk did gape an' leuk,
But neen o' them heeld oot a han',
Nor offered seat nor buik.

My wifie's bonnet catched their e'en,
They scanced her weel-made goon,
They glowered at me fae heid to sheen,
An' back fae breeks to croon.

Twa el'er billies weel cud see
Fat we pat i' the brod;
Ane winket wi' his buzness e'e,
The tither gied a nod.

We maybe forket oot o' bress
Mair than we cud afford;
As ither sants 'll aye gie less,
To pruve they lo'e the Lord.

But neen to his did speak a wird,
We only got a grunt
Fin Nannie gied a chiel a dird,
An' bade him hurschle yont.

As little haed the feck I saw
To say to God Himsel';
They sat like divots in a raw,
Ooncarin heaven or hell.

An' sae the wife an' me cam' oot
Wi' dowie herts an' caul,
An' fegs, we baith did mair than doot
If yon's oor Shepherd's faul.

If britherheed is ony wye,
An' love that barms an' wirks,
If there are welcomes neth the sky—
They shud be i' the kirks.

O sirs, ye'll gi'e the Lord a chance,
His Hoose a better name,
An' dinna leuk at fowk askance,
But gar them fin' at hame.

## THE PIPER O' AIBERDEEN.

He played the pipes in Aiberdeen
Fin I wis a bit loon,
An' pipes an' temper, weel-a-wat,
War aften oot o' tune.

His fawvorite springs war "Monymus',"
"The Braes o' Tullimet,"
He'd mairch to "Aden's Barren Rocks"
Till reamin' owre wi' sweat.

He kent far there war Hielin' herts
'At beat wi' Celtic throb,
An' seer they gat their weekly skirl,
An' files he gat a bob.

But Donal's tribble wis the bairns
Wha wid play on him rigs,
They mocket him, they cloddet him,
An' pat him intae tigs.

Finever Donal' haed the chance
He tried to squaar the score,
An' kicks, an' sclafferts i' the lug,
War missoured oot galore.

A cripple quinie fae the slums,
  Wha never did him hairm,
Cam' hirplin' in aboot owre near;
  He strak, an' brak' her airm.

The Shirra's fine wis easy peyed,
  The siller wisna missed;
But ere the piper left the coort
  A mou haed to be kissed.

The lassie he haed mauled wis there,
  Her gairdy in a sling,
Heeld up her greetin' face to him,
  An' widna lat him ging.

He swithered till the sautie tears
  Did on her weet cheeks fa',
He kissed her, an' the hate o' years
  Wis fairly washt awa'.

I saw him aften efterhin,
  But aye amo' the slums,
An' roon him wis a wheen o' weans—
  His billies an' his chums.

He played nae mair in swagger streets
  Far purse an' wallet thruve,
But gied his best to ragget fowk,
  For antrin maiks an' luve.

I'm thinkin' fin he gyangs alaft,
An' harpers need a rist,
The angels 'll gar Donal' tak'
His pipes oot o' the kist.

## SCOONERALS OR SANTS?

I AINCE wis at a gidderin' o' the cracksmen o' oor toon,
Fin a' the Sikes's shook their craps wi' ugly sweer an' froon:
I kenna hoo they loot me far they fear't a bobbies' raid,
Oonless it wis they teuk me for a brither i' the trade.

The meetin' didna start wi' prayer, not yet the Hunnert Psalm,
But ilk brocht oot a cutter stoot in case o' nerves, or dwalm;
Belyve a muckle burglar muved himsel' into the cheer,
An' tecklet an oration to his pals an' brethren dear.

"Oors is an occipation, freens, the kwintra disna like,
They hunt us as the gamey ferrets rabbits i' the dike,
But, by my trusty jemmy, I will pruve that they are vrang,
An' that there sud be mair regaird for Wullie Sikes's gyang.

"Gin they wid think hoo mony chaps we gie a peyin' job,
They widna ca's a pilkin' crew 'at sorns on them they rob:

Fat wid come o' the bobbies, an' the consequential beaks?
The warders o' the jilin' shops, the 'tecs, an' ither sneaks?

"Fat, bit for his, wid chaplains dee, an' Black Maria vrichts?
The papers wi' their fleggin strouds to gie their readers frichts?
The lawyers an' the locksmiths, ay, an' ithers i' my heid?
A mengyie o' them's hingin on's for bed an' daily breid.

"There's toffs that yarn in Parliament—altho' they dinna care—
They ban the boys that hiv the swag, an' creesh the millionaire,
But fat's the taxes they pit on to mak' the balance richt?
Let them gie his a freer han', we'll dee mair in a nicht.

"An' nae a brag aboot it a', nor rinnin to the Press
To adverteese oor modest sel's, an' win the toon's caress:
We dinna coort the public e'e, nor care for fame a dite,
Fin we are hauled into the licht it's a' the coppers' wite.

"I tell ye we're an ill-ess'd lot, an' hiv to dee oor wark
I' maugre o' their bolts an' bars, an' maistly i' the dark:

Nae ither buzness men wid stan't; I'll sweer they wid brak doon
In facin' the diffeeculties we hae in ilky toon.

"We canna leern oor bairnies hoo in wisdom's wyes to keep,
They're wauken't fin we're snoozin', an' we're wirkin' fin they sleep,
The wives are sair negleckit 'cause oor 'oors are late an' air,
They'll aften gyang unthrashen for a fortnicht's time an' mair."

But noo a reemis at the door fair strak the speaker dumb;
An' some gaed throu' the winda, an' a puckle up the lum:
I think I see him stannin' yet whause gassin' cheers haed won,
Ablessin' at the bobbies as they pat the darbies on.

## BENJIE.

I KENT him as a laddie, an' I kent him as a man—
He was fairly wirth the kennin a' his days—
He hadna muckle siller, an' he hadna ony lan',
An' he wisna cled in gran' or skyrie claes.

But Benjie had a moggin that was stockit fae abeen,
He had toggery fae the wardrobe o' the King,
A packit hert o' gowden loves, a sowl weel dress't an' clean,
An' a conscience clangin' oot its honest ring.

But aye there is a something that is seer to crook the lot,
An' to clood the morn's mornin' wi' a dreed,
An' Benjie's lowrin' tribble wis a common ane, I wot;
It was fear o' bein' in wint for hoose an' breed.

His waages war but meagre—he wis jist the tanner's clerk—
An' the buz'ness cudna stan' a leebral fee,
But gin the pey was scrimpy, syne there wisna muckle wark,
Tho' aneuch, I doot, for sober Ben to dee.

For mither, brithers, sisters he provided boord an' bed,
An' for a' he did his leal an' lovin' best,
Till brithers cam' to manheed, an' the lassies a' got wed,
An' his mither dwined awa' intil her rest.

His biggin noo was lanely baith at mornin' an' at nicht,
An' in kitchie an' in parlour was a blank,
An' a' thing gaed agley wi' Ben, an' naething noo gaed richt,
Tho' he pat a puckly notes into the bank.

He seen grew little boukit, an' fowk said he was a wrack,
Yet he warstled throu' the lang day's weary roon,
But ae nicht cam' the notice that the tanner had to brak',
That the place wid be immedantly shut doon.

Peer Ben was fair dumfoonert, an' his e'en war weet an scaired,
For he cudna lang keep hoose an' pey the rint;
He widna get anither crib, sae dwebble an' grey-haired,
There was naething for't but beggary an' wint.

His noties noo grew fyower, an' his stoons war growin' mair,
He was dooblet wi' the wecht o' dool an' pain,

Till sair against the grain he socht the doctor's skeely
care,
An' was tell't that he wid ne'er be weel again.

His beater was a waster, an' a growth was at its wiles,
An' the en' was near an' wisna ouks awa';
The doctor said it sadly, but Ben h'ard it a' wi' smiles—
It was a' he cud to thrapple a guffa.

They win'ert at his crooseness an' at Benjie's fusslin
face,
But the rizzon o' it a' to me was kent;
His burden had been liftit, he was near the bonny place
Far there arena ony dreeds nor nane in wint.

## THE COACHMAN AN' THE MOTOR.

He cam' in fae the stable wi' a face wad yirned milk,
An' he didna gie the doggie his bit piece,
An' he clauchtit at my shoother wi' a han' that wisna silk,
Syne he, grainin', clytit doon upo' the deece.

"It's come at last, my woman, an' the maister's gien's the bag—
He cud hardly get it oot for 'Hum' an' 'Ha';
'The horse is to be saul,' he said; they're nae to keep ae nag,
An' in futur' they'll be motorin' for a'.

"I thocht I micht be keepit, for the laird's an aul'ish carl,
An' the remnant o' the road can no' be lang;
The horse is seerly fest aneuch to tak' him throu' the warl',
Ay, for a' the puckly miles he has to gyang.

"But na, the donnert body, he maun jist be like the rest—
The Bible says that fashion is a snare—
He's been proddit, I cud sweer, by the leddy to invest.
Ach! the weemen 's been a bucker evermair.

"As sure's my name is Lammie, I can hardly lat it licht
That the roans are gyaun to tramp the roupin' ring,
The coach-hoose to be lockit, the kerridge oot o' sicht,
For a bloomin', bummin', tootin' motor thing.

"They say I shud hae learnt mysel' to dee the chafer's job;
They forget the scores o' towmonds on my croon:
Nor wid I lat the stang atween the knees that gripped a cob,
Na, nor foorich wi' the levers like a cloon.

"Aweel, we canna help it; but I'm clair it's a come-doon,
An' the cheenge fae horse an' kerridge gars me irk,
A foumart o' a motor gyangin' fuddrin' to the toon,
To the station, to the cooncil, an' the kirk!

"Yet, aiblins, it's ordeenit that the horse gae to the wa',
An' that coachmen chiels be pitten i' the neuk;
But Heaven's spashious steadin' will maist seerly hae a sta',
For I've read as much in Scriptur's hin'most buik.

"I doot I wis ower suddent wi' the maister i' my heat,
An' I tongued him till the cratur turned his back;
But I will tak' his pension, an' beg pardon to the beet,
For withoot it, Jean, we winna hae a plack."

Wi' that he took his pottage, an' a leebral dish o' tay,
Syne he vrat a bonny letter to the laird;
He never speaks o' motors, tho' he sees them ilky day,
An' the pension will gae wi's to the kirkyaird.

## THE TINKLER'S GROWL.

I'M naething but a tinkler, but *I* dinna care a hang,
I'll souder wi' the best o' them, an' lick the haill jing-bang,
I'll coup a horse, I'll drink the bree fae evenin' until morn,
I'll tell a lee an' haud my face, wi' ony mortal born.

It's nae sic times for tinklers as fin I wis a bit loon,
Och! than it wis we'd scouth an' routh owre a' the kwintra roon;
I'm up against the fairmers, an' I'm bannin' a' the lairds;
A plague upo' the fowk that's sae fell hard upo' the cairds.

Fin I set oot wi' cairt an' kit, the belts an' roadside wids
War apen to the tinklers, an' their tents, an' wives, an' kids,
But noo they're fairly pailin't up wi' wicket weer that prods,
An' guairdet wi' the ugly face o' daur-ye-camp-here brods.

I win'er foo the tinkler is caul-shouthered nooadays;
He isna sic a thief as some that weer far better claes,
An' tho' he files may hae the scab, he's clean in ither wyes—
There arena ony bastards i' the tent far tinkler lies.

Ye seerly ken that gangrel bleed rins reed in ilky vein,
That we maun rove the kwintra side in sunshine an' in rain;
Tho' ye may cage the eagle, an' the lion, an' baboon,
Ye winna crib us in a hoose, nor tether's till a toon.

They speak o' eddication noo for dother an' for sin,
An' fin we see the offisher, it gars us pack an' rin;
But we hae a' the leernin' 'at we need, or can afoord—
Aneuch to read the road-post, an' the cursed plantin boord.

O, brither man, hae mercy on 's, tho' sair against the grain,
O, dinna brak' the tinkler's hert, that's unco like yer ain,
An' gie's a stance far we will hae the sun, an' win', an' sna,
An' maybe ye'll be nane the waur wi' Him 'at lo'es us a'.

## THE SOLILOQUY O' AN AUL' MEAR.

AUL' Charlie Darwin—lang aneth the sod—
Says man an' beast thegither took the road,
But sin'ert, for the human cudna wait,
So brak' awa' an' proodly gaed his gate.

But aye there is a sibness 'tween the twa,
That ilk maks oot sae far the ither's jaw;
An' so it cam' aboot that I cud hear
The musin's o' my fader's aul' grey mear.

It was the term when horsemen chiels will flit,
And Peter Smith had gane wi' kist an' kit;
Bess, hin'leg ristin, heid oot owre the dike,
Refleckit on the cheenge, an' things siclike.

"So Peter's aff—I win'er fa I'll get?
Gin he's a scoot I'll try my game an' set;
If gweed to me wi' lippies heapit weel,
I'se dee my best, an' ne'er gyang oot o' reel.

"A warl' o' cheenge! They sell't my neiper mear
A towmond syne, when horse wis gey an' dear;
Noo I maun rug 'langside a ducksie skate,
Fa jouks at a'thing, 'cep' at corn an' bait.

" The maister aince had thochts o' sellin' me,
An' wid hae deen't, but, saul, I'd nae agree;
The couper cam' an' rattled wi' his staff;
I reart an' scoolt, an' so that deal was aff.

" I micht hae gane, for a' the easedom here;
The times grow sair an' sairer ilky year;
'Twas better when I first begood the yoke;
The wark for ouks thegither wis a joke.

" The neepseed deen, me an' my chums an' pals
Wid shim a bit, or dander to the walls;
Till leadin' time oor lines were pleasant coost—
Nae mair to dee than keep oor jints fae roost.

" But noo there's cairtin' eerans evermair,
Coals for the engin'—fegs, it's unco sair—
Draff for the kye, an' milk for Aiberdeen,
An' nane for his peer beasts maks ony meen.

" Wi' tractions, motors, we get mony flegs;
They tie oor tails, an' we maun thole the glegs;
In hairst we're eident jist as at the seed,
Withoot the horse they cudna cut a reed.

" I win'er aften fat my granny 'd say
Gin she were back an' seein' things the day?
It maitters na, we'll hae to dee oor pairt,
Till roon' the neuk comes Johnny Gash's cairt." *

* Johnny Gash—a dealer in old horses.

## THE DEEIN' PLOOMAN.

THE wind is soughin' sair, Jean;
It's greetin' for the sna,
The grun 'll seen be fleckit, Jean,
But I will be awa'.

We needna gar-believe, Jean;
There's things that winna hide;
I h'ard the knock last nicht, Jean;
I'll no get leave to bide.

I've pray'd an' wrastl'd hard, Jean,
But noo I maun be dumb;
His will's the best, my ain Jean;
My hinmost term his come.

It's thirty years the morn, Jean,
Sin' we cam' till Lairstane,
We thocht to leave thegither, Jean,
But I maun gyang my lane.

I've ploo'd my furrows fair, Jean,
An' ta'en my turn wi' a'.
The maister kent me stiffer, Jean,
But widna pit's awa'.

God plenish weel his sowl, Jean,
An' keep his girnal fu';
He says ye winna wint, Jean,
Tho' I am ta'en fae you.

The wind is soughin' waur, Jean;
It's greetin' for the sna,
An' I am fairly deen, Jean,
I've need to be awa'.

Gie me your grip, my ain Jean,
I'm at the hinmost mile,
I'll need but ae lift mair, Jean,
Oot owre the hinmost stile.

## THE AUL' BEADLE.

I'VE cairriet the buiks for mony a year,
I've sortit the lichts an' swypit the fleer,
Seelenced the loons fin they made a minneer:
But my day is nearly deen.

My birn has been big, as ony can see
Wha kens I've haen chairge o' ministers three,
To mak' them ging straucht an' keep i' my e'e;
But my task is nearly deen.

Nae doot they did gweed—gat sowls for their hire—
An' weel they'll come oot o' the Jeedgment fire,
But fat 's awin' me they ne'er did inquire;
But oor pickthank days weer deen.

Nae eese for the poopit withoot the fowk,
An', wintin his man, the parson's a gowk,
Feckless on Sawbath, an' wull a' the ouk;
He kens na a' I hae deen.

I'm jist at a back, but I'm nae to greet:
New-fanglet wyes, an' an aul-fashion't breet—
It's time 'at the stair kent swyppirter feet,
For mine, I am fin'in, 's deen.

The buiks hiv grown wechty sin' I began,
For hymnies are scraicht to the meesic-fan,
An' sma's mak' an odds till a dwebble man
Wha's elbick is nearly deen.

I kenna fa keeps the kirk abeen snod;
I'd like weel a job in yon Hoose o' God;
Gin He gie's the sign I'll jump at His nod,
An' gae on as I hae deen.

## TIDE AND WIND.

I HAVE watch'd the strong Atlantic
When the full spring-tide was due,
How it fought its way full bravely
'Gainst the devil's blasts that blew.

It claim'd the bourne of its fathers,
It must lap the distant dune,
And keep the rights of the ocean,
And seal the might of the moon.

The Tide and the Wind encounter'd—
They clash'd in a wild embrace;
'Twas the battle-grip of giants,
But stay'd not the tidal pace.

Not long, by the clocks of Heaven,
Did the roaring turmoil rage;
To me on the lonely foreland
It seem'd an age and an age.

Till out from the white-hair'd breakers,
Out of the brine and the dark,
There roll'd the shout of the victor—
"Rejoice! I have reach'd the mark."

. . . . . .

I watch the surge of the ages,
The tide of that human sea
Which counters and braves the hell-blasts,
And my hopes come back to me.

Man! Not till the world is hoary
Wilt thou reach the golden dune;
But the tides of God are in thee,
Thy magnet above the moon.

## THE FAREWELL OF AN EX-CAPTAIN.*

My name is Captain Ex,
And for years I walk'd the decks
Of the gallant, good old ship, *The Trinitie;*
I sign'd off with a sigh,
But let another try
How he can steer the *Trin.* across the sea.

In weather rough and wild,
In weather calm and mild,
I have headed her to Beulah's sunny shore;
If I e'er have left the track,
God's mercy will not lack,
Forgive me, for I'll touch the wheel no more.

We were a happy crew,
Tho' we had our battles, too,
'Board the good old ship, the gallant *Trinitie;*
But we fought our fights like men,
Then shook hands as mates again,
And we plough'd our way once more across the sea.

* On the occasion of the retirement of Rev. Andrew Doak, M.A., from the pastorate of Trinity Church, Aberdeen.

We'd changes evermore,
We'd changes glad and sore,
We have cried, and laugh'd, and sigh'd within an hour;
We rang the marriage bell,
We toll'd the funeral knell,
But we sailed our ship in sunshine and in shower.

"God speed the dear old bark!
God bless in light and dark!"
Is the prayer of Captain Ex, who sail'd the main;
Till He who keeps the log
In the land beyond the fog,
Shall call him to the captain's bridge again.

## MAIR MEN!

Sons o' Scotlan'! Hardy Northmen!
Men o' breed, an' men o' brawn!
Hearken to yer country's priggin'!
Are ye deaf, or are ye thrawn?

Hear ye nae the guns a-boomin'
Nearer than ye've h'ard afore?
Nearer than sin Dutch invaaders
Sailed their ships to Britain's shore?

Hear ye nae the Kaiser's orders
Till his hordes o' savage loons—
"On to Calais! On to Dover!
Raze their hamesteads! Seck their toons!

"On to Lunnon!—hub o' empires,
Rich as Crœsus, blawn wi' pride—
Lat them hae the German *kultur*
That maun conquer far an' wide!"

Div ye hear him? Will ye lat him?
Min' ye, Scotlan's in his e'e,
An' the Teuton's hiv is liftet
To come doon on you an' me.

An' the toozle hings in balance,
Tho' oor boys are fechtin' gran';
Hearken to yer pechin' brithers—
"Scotlan', come an' gie's a han'!"

Men are wintet fae the Northlan',
Men wi' shanks to weer the kilt,
Men wi' Bannockburn's memory,
Men 'at winna warp nor wilt.

They are here in scores an' hunners,
I' the trades, an' at the ploo;
Brithers! dinna squint at ithers,
King an' country wag on *you*.

Drap the hemmer! Doon the shovel!
Quit yer haud o' stilts an' rein!
Wash, an' turse, an' mak' yer bun'le!
Wauken for the mornin' train!

Kiss yer mither tho' she's greetin',
Prood is she for a' she's said!
Gin yer sweethert wiles to keep ye,
That is nae a lass to wed.

Aff to trainin' for the shangie!
Let them see ye're nae a coord:
On to Dover! On to Calais!
Kep the Kaiser! Brak his soord!

Ye may ne'er come back to Hamelan'—
Hamelan' 'at ye loe sae weel—
Better deid than come to see her
Wreathin' neth the Kaiser's heel.

Men o' Scotlan'! Hardy Northmen!
Bleed o' Freedom in yer veins,
Hear yer grainin' country's priggin'!
Save her fae the tyrant's chains!

## THE FAIRMER'S FAREWEEL TO HIS COMMANDEERED NAG.

FAREWEEL! my bonny, trusty nag,
A shalt 'at's aften gart me brag,
An' made the tongues o' envy wag:
For ye maun gyang.

I've haed ye noo for towmons five,
I brak ye in to ride an' drive;
An' may ye dee as weel, an' thrive
In ither han's!

I cud deen wi' ye to the en',
An' tried to jouk the airmy men,
But fat thae billies dinna ken
They seen fin' oot.

I shanket it to sale an' kirk,
An' only teuk ye oot fin mirk;
But Moses' mither cudna quirk
Aul' Pharaoh's boys.

I sudna try to dodge the King,
Wi' Britain i' the deidly ring,
An' fechtin' grim wi' sic a bing
O' German fangs.

Sae, aff ye gyang to foreign airt;
I hinna loons to dee a pairt,
But oot wi' you I sen' my hert;
Gweed speed ye weel!

I'll think o' ye by nicht an' day,
In bivouac, an' i' the fray,
For you I'll howp, for you I'll pray
To Him 'at guairds.

I doot, my lass, 'twill be fair hell
'Mang sheeted flame, an' burstin' shell;
The tractions, motors o' oor dell
Ne'er flegged ye sae.

But min' the chiel 'at 's on yer back,
An' cairry him throu' reek an' rack,
An' lat him hae his sattlin' smack
At German thieves.

An' sud he get a stunnin' daud
That lays him i' the bleedy mud,
Ye'll try the fae wi' calker's thud,
An' haud yer ain.

An' gin they dee for you, my mear,
An' ate ye to their German beer,
I howp ye'll mak' their sausage dear,
An' nae disgeest.

But Gweed forbid 'at ye be pranned
By German trag in foreign land!
Na: ye'll be dancin' to the band
Doon Berlin's streets.

An' fin war cloods nae langer lower,
An' ye come back to rist an' cower,
I'll gie the price I gat twice owre
To mak' ye mine.

They sanna sell ye for a mairt,
Nor yet to fishman, if I'm spare't—
Oonless the Kaiser ca' the cairt:
An' that's my aith.

## A GORDON I' THE TRENCHES.

I LISTET i' the Gordons, an' I left the braes o' Mar,
A file afore the Kaiser haed lat lowse his dogs o' war,
An' here I'm i' the trenches far there's death an' clour
an' scar,
An' guns droon the pipes i' the mornin'.

The day I teuk the shillin' wis a day o' greetin' e'en;
My mither grat fin packin' up my sarks an' sarkits
clean;
I kenna fat she'd thocht ava gin only she had seen
The mess I've been in nicht an' mornin'.

I aften think aboot her fin we dackle for a wee,
An' ilky nicht I say the prayer she leernt me at her
knee;
I win'er if the dear aul' lass again I'll ever see
Ca' the kye to the hill i' the mornin'.

I didna ken 'at Scotlan' haed gat sic a haud o' me,
An' that the fowk I aft misca'd wis gweed as gowd cud
be,
An' that the hamely Doric o' the bonny North Countree
Wis next till its brose i' the mornin'.

They say this kwintra's bonny, an' it's trowth I've seen
a waur,
But fat's her vine-clad slopes to me, 'at streetch oot
near an' far,
Aside my ain aul' Morven, an' my kingly Lochnagar
Takin' aff his kep i' the mornin'?

I like the froggy Frenchman, an' he's fechtin' teeth an'
nail,
But Och! he's nae a Scottie 'at thinks less o' grapes
than kail,
An' o' his *vous* an' *avez* I mak' nether heid nor tail,
I jist pit him aff wi' "Gweed mornin'."

But hearken! there's the bugle, an' the pipes 'll nae be
lang,
An' syne the screamin' shrapnel, an' the rifles' eerie
sang:
They're wintin's to gae forrit, an' the Gordons they will
gyang,
Tho' some o' 's 'll nae see the mornin'.

It isna wark for humans, an' it maks us deevils a':
Some day they'll seelence war drums, an' the martial
trumpet's blaw,
An' on this peer, illguidet warl a better day 'll daw;
'Twill seer be the mornin' o' mornin's.

## MISSIN'.

I LOOKET for my laddie's name amo' the raws o' deid,
I looket ilka mornin' sair afore I cud brak' breid,
But nae a wird o' Jimmy, lad, for a' 'at I haed scanned,
He wisna 'mong the woun'et, nor the nabbet, nor the pranned.

But jist this day, afore I haed taen aff the pottage pot,
I ran my aul' e'en smertly ower a newlins printit lot,
An' there wis Jimmy Fraser—but, of coorse, 'twis printit "Jeams"—
I win'ert if I'd waukent, or wis still amo' my dreams.

I gya mysel a gey bit nip to ken gin I was up;
I micht 'a' kent withoot it fae the soorness o' my cup,
For it's aye been maist in dreamin' oors that I hiv haed the sweet,
An' fin I hiv been waukent that the warl's gart me greet.

My loon's amo' the missin', as are ither mithers' sons,
He hisna answered roll-ca' sin the coorse stramash at Mons:
The Lord Almichty pit His han' upon this tremlin' hert!
For gin He dinna stan' by me my rizzon 'll depairt.

My laddie he is missin' far it's better to be deid,
He's missin' far there's butchers 'at 'll niver stanch his bleed,
He's missin' far the pillow's but a steen or divot caul,
An' far to hoose or shelter he may nether tramp nor crawl.

I cud 'a' better tholet the news 'at he had fair been killed,
Or that he wis a patient o' the nurse an' surgeon skilled,
Or herdit i' the prison-faul far ithers tak' their chance;
But tint to a' that's peetifu' amo' the wids o' France!

It's mair than my aul' hert can bide; an' till my short day's run,
There's something in my breist predicks my lad 'll nae be fun',
But maybe fin the peace has dawed, an' efter mony meens,
Some forester or hunter may come upo' Jimmy's beens.

An' that's the war an' glory 'at the hoochin' crowds 'll cheer,
An' poet billies sing aboot, an' claithe in fause veneer!
But speer at Scottish mithers if ye wint it's ain grim name,
Wha look for loons they've rocket 'at 'll ne'er again come hame.

"Missin'"! Jimmy, "missin'"! but they wistna fat they print,
Nane but a mither's herriet hert kens fin a laddie's tint;
But maybe I will fin' ye at the roll-ca' yont the stars,
An' hear ye answer blithely far there are nae guns nor wars.

## A WIRD TO UNCLE SAM.

I WINT a wird wi' you, Sam,
  Gin ye've a lug for me;
Ye like to gab yersel, Sam,
  An' say fat *we* sud dee.

But I've a craw to pluck, Sam,
  Wi' you 'at rowles the West,
An' cracks sae big 'boot Richt, Sam,
  An' Freedom, an' the rest.

Fatever did ye mean, Sam,
  Fin ye pat doon yer aith
That Belgium binna touch't, Sam,
  That nane maun dee her skaith?

But fat's the fac the day, Sam?—
  Nae need for me to tell;
The Huns hae broken throu', Sam,
  The Little Lan' 's a hell!

The king an' queen's adrift, Sam,
  An' oot o' hoose an' ha'!
The capital is taen, Sam,
  The Government awa!

Haill toons are ca'd to spunks, Sam,
An' little clachans dear!
The grun it is unvrocht, Sam,
Nae hairst, I doot, the year!

The hameless, hunted fowk, Sam,
Are beggin' bed an' breid!
The mithers an' the weans, Sam,
Are cryin' for their deid!

But nae a cheep fae you, Sam,
Excep' aboot yer trade!
Na, nae a kick at them, Sam,
'At brak' the bargain made!

Ye've heid an' temper keept, Sam,
Fin ithers tint them baith;
The futur' 'll think maist, Sam,
O' them 'at keept their aith.

Ye've blaudet sair yer name, Sam,
It will be ill to dicht;
Yer copper an' yer ships, Sam,
Are mair to you than Richt.

Ye think that ye'll come in, Sam,
Fin hurly-burly's owre,
That ye'll redd up the soss, Sam,
Fin strik's the sattlin' hour.

But ye'll get a begeck, Sam,
Or I'm mistaen a wee;
A dollar-chasin' Yank, Sam,
Sall never umpire me.

## "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

"SOMEWHERE in France"; it is a' I can get
Fae the billies that ken o' my loon;
"Somewhere in France"; gin they'd only tell's far,
I wid pairt wi' my hinmost half-croon.

"Somewhere in France" he is fechtin' the day;
He is fechtin' for Britain an' richt,
God wi' his conscience an' nervin' his airm,
An' wi' hell in his hearin' an' sicht.

"Somewhere in France" he is thinkin' o' hame,
Fin the bullets an' shalls lat him be,
Dreamin' o' Scotlan', an' seein' the glen,
An' the hamestead, his fader, an' me.

"Somewhere in France" I am dootin' he'll fa',
For the oolet's been hootin' owre near,
An' siccan a dream on Monanday laist!
It waukent me sweatin' wi' fear.

"Somewhere in France" I may seen hae a grave--
It is a' that I'll get fae the war;
Mithers o' Scotlan'! fat mair'll be yours
Than a grave, an' a greet, an' hert-scar?

"Somewhere in France": oh, the weary refrain!
An' it's naething like fat mithers need:
"Somewhere" 's a mock fin we're hung'rin' to ken
Far oor laddies are, livin' or deid.

"Somewhere in France": but they winna bleck God,
For He sees far they've pitten oor loons,
An' He'll bring thegither ilk mither an' son
Fin the trumpet o' destiny soun's.

## THE TIGER O' POTSDAM.

A TIGER dwall't in Potsdam cave,
They ca'd him Weelum,
An' he did ramp, an' he did rave;
An' never wis a bigger knave
Than Weelum.

There wisna bleed aneuch at hame
For droothy Weelum,
Sae oot he set for farrer game,
By ony sleekit trick or skaim—
Did Weelum.

He legget Wast, he legget East—
Swack, ready Weelum;
He mang'd to hae a John Bull feast,
An' syne the Bear o' Rooshia neist—
Smert Weelum!

But East an' Wast wis less than fun
To ettlin Weelum;
They widna be his huntin' grun,
Nor yield their place aneth the sun
To Weelum.

He cudna mak' it oot ava—
Disgruntled Weelum;
Hoo they sud gi'e him cla' for cla',
An' nae jump doon the comfy maw
O' Weelum.

An' sae he gurred an' mauled at lairge—
Rampagin Weelum;
At kirks an' bairns he made a chairge,
An' a' wi' faem an' bleed did spairge—
Mad Weelum!

The countries roon he fair did roose—
This hell-hun Weelum;
They vowed they widna rist nor snooze
Oontill they gied a malagruze
To Weelum.

But fegs! 'twis kittle wark to catch
The wily Weelum;
An' files the mongrel' huntin' batch
Misdootit gin they war a match
For Weelum.

But—nae to mak' my story lang
'Boot slinkin' Weelum—
They gat at him, fair deen, a whang,
An' in upon him lap the thrang;
Oh, Weelum!

They've pat him in an iron cage—
Wild, warstlin' Weelum,
Far he can cultivaate his rage,
Oontill the huntsman o' aul' age
Bags Weelum.

So there he sits wi' cla's weel pared—
The dapper Weelum,
A saxpence sicht for laird an' caird,
Wha think the doom an' tin weel-wared
On Weelum.

## WEELUM ON HIS ALLIES—ESPEESHIALLY ANE.

THE Lord an' me hae lang been freens,
Thegither rowled the reest—
A pairtnership that's been my pride,
A boon to man an' beast.

'Twid mak' a muckle odds to me
Gin something cam' atween's,
An' mair to Him if we sud split,
An' be nae langer freens.

But if the trowth his to be taul,
My Allies mak' me sick;
Aul' Francie Joe's turned oot a fraud,
The Turk's a bloomin' swick.

An' gin the Freen I've coontit on,
An' laudet evermair—
The Freen that wis my Granda's chum,
An' blessed his aul' grey hair—

Disna buck up an' gie's a han'
Wi' this fell fechtin' grim,
It's up wi' me, an' seer as ocht,
'Twill be the waur for Him.

I've apened kirks in royal style,
An' made a holy stir,
I've aiven taen the poopit files,
An' preached wi' verve an' birr.

Fat tho' the sermons warna mine—
That disna mak' a jot;
I overhauled the manuscript
To see it wisna rot.

The Socialists an' Democrats,
An' sicklike orra trock,
The scoffers at my Richt Divine,
Hae fun' the mailed fist's knock.

But yet my game is hingin' fire,
Altho' I daurna say't;
That Pairis projeck's up a close—
They've fairly steekt that gate.

An' aye the trains come grainin in
Wi' wounet fae the fronts;
The fowk are yellin' 'boot their deid;
I'm deavet wi' growls an' grunts.

I hiv to tell a hunner lees
Far fifety did afore,
An' sen' my Auntie telegrams
Wi' whappers by the score.

An' I expecket ither things!
I think they are my due,
For I hiv aye uphauden Him,
An' He sud back me noo.

But gin He lats me to the wa',
An' lats them tak' my croon,
There's mair than me 'll ken fat for,
An' mair than me come doon.

It's taen us baith to rin the warl—
An' I've haed maist to dee—
An' gin He lats them knock me oot,
The haill thing gyangs agee.

He'll seer tak' tent as lang's there's time,
An' help to brak' the ring,
He'll seerly hear the warnin' wird
O' William, Emperor, King.

## THE KAISER'S GARTENS.

"The King strikes off the Roll of the Order of the Garter the Kaiser-the Crown Prince of Germany, and other enemies."—*Daily Press.*

I READ it owre an' owre again
  Afore I made it oot;
'Twis only wi' the sneeshin mull
  I gat it, wintin' doot.

The Kaiser an' some ither skunks
  Haed come for gartens here
To tie their Teuton shanks, blawn up
  Wi' sausages an' beer.

"The Order o' the Garter!" Fegs!
  It made my bleed rin het
That, at their sornin' orders, we
  Wove gartens for the set.

There's wirsit, seer, in Sausage-Lan',
  An' Fraus 'at ken the weers;
Their wark is mair than gweed aneuch
  For thae blue-bleedit leears.

I'm gled oor King has taen't in han',
An' stapp't the senseless game,
An' tell't his wife an' dother baith—
Their wyvin' is for hame.

" Nae mair to Bill o' Potsdam, dears,
Sall we sen' claes again,
Nae ev'n a tatie-boodie's togs
To kep the sna an' rain.

" The jilin'-fowk 'll gie him duds,
Far he's to en' his days,
An' far he'll gyang fin a' is deen
'Twill be owre het for claes.

" There's jist ae order ye can buik
For that confoonit fang—
An order for a hempen rape:
An' min' ye mak' it strang."

Weel deen, King George! Ye're fairly richt
To redd yersel' o' trock:
An' ne'er may ye a garten wint,
A stockin', nor a sock.

## THE POTSDAM ROUP.

In buzness in a muckle wye
Wis Bill o' Potsdam fame,
In East an' Wast, in North an' Sooth,
The traders kent his name.

His aagents war in ilky lan',
His ships on ilky sea,
In ilky shop his gimcrack waares,
Signed, "Made in Germanie."

But Bill cud nae lat weel alane,
Tho' scoopin' in the tin,
An' he pit oot his fit sae far,
He cudna tak' it in.

He ventered on a dafty's spec,
An' fairly gat a coup;
His creditors they saul him up;
An' a' gaed to the roup.

Ay, British birkies, Frenchies, Japs,
War biddin' roon' the ring,
An' Rooshians, Belgians, Chinamen,
War heapin' up the bing.

I saw some Yanks wi' goaties' beards—
They looket spry an' slick;
An' Portuguese, an' Dutch, an' Danes;
Italians needin' tick;

An' ithers 'at I cudna name,
Altho' ye war to speer,
Fu' keerious, an' gleg, an' glib,
Aroon' the unctioneer.

There wisna ony lan' to sell,
Tho' some war fain to get,
The creditors—sae I was taul'—
Haed collared it for debt.

Bit ither things galore war saul,
Fae motors till a preen,
Fae bankrup' Wullie's moustache kaim
To roostin' submarine.

A fist aince mailed, noo bare an' peeled,
Brocht only three bawbees;
The pen that vrat aul' Kruger's 'gram,
An' only cud vreet lees,

Wis knocket oot for auchteenpence—
I thocht it byous dear;
A Turk wis needin' 't for his skweel
O' German modern lear.

An' iron crosses fae a stock
That wis fell nearly deen—
A Buchan brookie bocht the lot
For makin' shalties' sheen.

Some saabres, that haed rattled lood
For mair than forty years,
War snappit up by twa aul' wives
'At wintet stockin' weers.

But efter that I cam' awa;
I haedna bocht a rap,
But Wullie's aumrie wis fair teem,
An' I wis growin' yap.

I haedna seen swank Bill ava,
Nae mair than taste his breid,
Bit I hiv aften h'ard sin syne
That he's in Peterheid.*

* Where there is a convict prison.

## THE TIFF, AN' EFTER.

AFORE he gaed across to France
  My man an' me haed wirds,
An' gin the trowth has to be kent,
  The scashle cam' to dirds.

He tell't me as he slammed the door,
  An' oot upo' the bung,
He didna wint to see 's again,
  Nor hear my ill-hung tongue.

But months an' miles they cheeng'd his tune,
  An' I haed fae Chapelle
Sic letters as he eesed to sen'
  Fin we were beau an' belle.

An' never for an answer back
  Haed he to wait a file,
An' aye the ink wi' which I vrat
  Wis honey sweet an' ile.

Ae day an unco letter cam',
  'At wisna in his vreet,
My hert gaed dunt, my han's did shak',
  My e'en war like to greet.

He wisna killed—the Lord be praised!
For trogs! I gat a scare—
But sae missaucred 'boot the heid,
He'd hear nor speak nae mair.

I met him at the sodgers' train,
'Mang wing'd, an' blin', an' lame,
I kissed him owre an' owre again,
An' syne I brocht him hame.

I'm wae to see him strainin' lugs
That winna dee their wark,
An' warstlin' wi' a blastet tongue
As dumb's his flannen sark.

He'll never hear my ill-hung tongue
File we're abeen the sod,
But he sall ken it's better hung
Fin we gyang hame to God.

Oh, sirs, tak' tent afore it's late,
An' min' yer teens an' tongues,
Ye'll think upo' the whack we've gat,
An' hae nae tiffs an' bungs.

## THE MAVIS AN' ME.

A MAVIS sang on a leafless brinch,
An' 'twas only Can'lemas Day:
The win' wis snell, an' he haed nae mate;
But I sensed the drift o' his lay.

He wis thinkin' lang for spring sunsheen,
An' for love, an' the bieldy nest,
An' eident oors for a wife an' weans,
An' for grub galore o' the best.

He 'd aft been caul i' the sleet an' dark,
An' his crap haed been aften teem,
But he mindet last year's spring an' hairst,
An' the neist war his sang an' dream.

The mavis lilt it gaed roon my hert,
An' my conscience it strak wi' micht;
I turned awa' fae the shadows grim,
An' frontet the Howp an' the Licht.

Oh, waesome months hae they been to me!
Oh, doolsome to young an' to aul'!
Oh, ne'er war the days an' nichts sae lang!
Nor wis ever the frost sae caul.

I ken the bite o' the snas o' France,
An' the rime, an' the clorty glaur;
I hear the guns i' my bed at hame,
For I've flesh' an' bleed i' the war.

But spring will come i' the Lord's ain time,
An' the oorie days 'll gyang by,
An' Peace creep back fae her exile far,
An' Love we've gart greet, fae the sky.

Sae the mavis mauna sing his leen,
Fin there's licht on the hills for me,
Sae I'll tune my throat, tho' it's winter yet,
An' herald the day that's to be.

## AHAB, JEZEBEL, AND ELIJAH.

I DINNA think he'd been sae coorse as some wid mak' him oot,
Had no the wife he mairriet been a domineerin' scoot;
She twistet him an' twined him roon her finger like a ring;
He cudna ca' his niz his ain, altho' he wis a king.

Her fader wis a heathen lord ayont the Promised Lan',
An' keep't a swarm o' sornin' priests aboot his hoose an' han';
His dother she took efter him, an' lik't the heathen horde,
She haed them by the hunner, tee, providin' bed an' board.

The only ane that contered her, an' gart the randy squirm,
Blackguairded a' the heathen tribe, an' for the Lord steed firm,
Wis him they ca'd the Tishbite, fae the East o' Jordan's howe,
A man wham that maroonjus wife cud never mak' to bow.

Ae day he sent a challenge to the umman an' her men,
That she shud pit them forrit—an' he trystit whaur an' when;
Syne lat them pruve in sicht o' a', on Carmel's saacred sod,
Which side wis wirth uphaudin', ay, an' wha wis Michty God.

The rinnins o' the shirrameer, an' hoo it a' fell oot,
The solemn fun the Tishbite gat, ye ken, I dinna doot,
You've twigged the prophet's quaetness, an' you've h'ard the heathens' yell:
The priests did get their farin'—tho' they ne'er gaed hame to tell.

My! wisna there a strushie fin her husband brak' the news!
An' didna a' the palace ken that day she wore the trews!
She sent a threet'nin' message to the Prophet i' the rain:
He skirtit for a filie, but seen teuk himsel' again.

But nocht wid cure my leddy o' her heathen, hellish wyes,
Nor turn her to Jehovah-God who made the earth an' skies;
She primed her man wi' mischief, an' she gart him play the game,
An' fat wis smuchterin in his hert she blew intil a flame.

He cuist his greedy e'e upon a yaird a neebour haed,
An' 'cause the man wid no excamb, nor sell, he teuk to bed;
His wife wid nae be bleckit, an' she swore they'd hae the yaird;
She got the neebour steened to death, an' made her husband laird.

The Tishbite h'ard aboot it, an' he hurried doon the hill,
He strade into the gairden fair whause owner they did kill,
He haed it oot wi' him 'at claimed the bit o' stowen lan',
An' tell't fat he an' his wid get fae God Almichty's han'.

" Yer wife an' you hae gane yer lengths in wicket plot an' deed,
In compassin' yer shamefu' en's ye hinna stuck at bleed;
My God'll seer blot oot yer hoose, for noo His airm is bare,
An' at the dichtin o' the mess the dogs 'll hae a share."

The king wis scared oot o' his wits, an' said he haed deen vrang,
An' He 'at answers penitence defarred the en' sae lang;
But God wid hae His warl clean in East, Wast, Sooth, an' North,
An' fin the oor for swypin' strak He sent His scaffies forth.

## NAAMAN;

### Or, The Leprous Captain.

The captain o' the airmy, an' his maister's muckle man—
The maister widna gyang to kirk excep' he heeld his han'—
The fleg o' a' the neebours, but the stan'-by o' his lan':
Sodger Naaman!

But och! there wis a tribbler that the sodger cudna fecht,
'Twis sornin' on his vitals, it wis weerin' doon his wecht,
An' at the sma'est bicker hoo he wiltit an' he pecht!
Leprous Naaman!

The doctors o' his kwintra for their captain cud dee nocht,
For he their skeel an' medicines wi' precious gowd haed bocht,
An' nae an inch the nearer to the cure he sairly socht;
Deein' Naaman!

The captain haed a servan' lass he stealt fae hoose an' hame,
She tellt them 'boot the prophet o' the lan' fae which she came;
Jehovah gied him skeel to cure the lepers, blin', an' lame:
Howpfu' Naaman!

Wi' kerridges an' cooncillors, wi' flunkies an' wi' tin,
He roadit for the man wha'd cure his rottin' flesh an' skin;
They knockit at the prophet's door; war tellt that he was in:
Lucky Naaman!

"Noo seerly he'll come oot an' see fa's needin' him the day—
The captain o' an airmy, an' the hero o' the fray!
He'll cure me wi' a fleerish he denies to common clay":
Lordly Naaman!

The prophet didna budge a fit to meet the michty man,
But sat still in his chaumer fin anither wid hae ran;
Sent wird to try the water that gaed throu' their little lan':
Slichtit Naaman!

My cert! there wis an ootbrak, ay, an' wirds I daurna
print;
The prophet got his character in langidge wintin' stint;
The horses' heids war turned aboot: he vowed he'd
hameward sprint:
Angry Naaman!

"To jist sen' wird for me to baathe in Israel's muddy
stank!—
It's naething mair aside OOR streams—the man's a
rogue or crank;
I tell you I will ne'er come doon to try sic eeseless
prank":
Sulky Naaman!

But they that war aboot him kent his tigs an' tantrums
weel,
An' rizzont wi' him quaetly till his wrath begood to
queel,
Syne moyent him to the waters 'at the prophet said
wid heal:
Thrawn Naaman!

He dook't as he wis bidden till his bleed ran fresh an'
clean,
His skin cam' saft an' bonny as a mither's ten'er wean,
He fan' himsel' a better man than ever he had been:
Happy Naaman!

An' noo he blessed the prophet wha afore he cud but curse,
An' gallop't back to gie him gowd oot o' his weel-lined purse,
An' tell him that he took his God for better or for worse:
Thankfu' Naaman!

But little did he ken the man 'at tellt him fat to dee,
As little did he ken the God whause captain he wid be;
They twa cud wirk their wark withoot the bribe o' gowden fee:
Win'rin' Naaman!

The best we get we canna buy: my freen, it's nae for sale;
Pooch pride an' tak' God's mercy that'll seerly mak' ye hale,
The mercy that made weel the faamous captain o' oor tale—
Blessed Naaman!

## THE BALLAD OF HAMAN.

(Book of Esther.)

Prood Haman sat in his lordly ha',
An' drank o' the purple wine;
Big freens war there, an' a gless for a',
An' ane for his leddy fine.

He bragg'd an' blew fit to tirr a kirk
'Boot his sins an' dothers braw,
He shook his purse wi' a meanin' smirk—
Nae cock but him shud craw!

"Heid-deester I i' this michty lan',
Far ben wi' my king an' queen,
Naething gyangs forrit withoot my han',
An' naething gyangs back, I ween.

"Last nicht the queen had a pairty swell—
Hersel', an' her lord, an' me—
There's a shine the morn if a' gings well,
For only the fawvourt three."

But a' his brag had a crowpy souch,
A wicket licht in his e'e;
Gweed help the man wha at Haman leuch,
Or wi' him had taen the gee!

But there was ane 'at had daur'd his bite—
The chiel that did keep the yett—
For Haman's coach he caredna a dite,
Ne'er a salaam did he get.

"What will I dee to the sanshach skunk
Wha refeeses me respeck?"
"Gie him a taste o' the hangman's hank,
And rax the lith in his neck!"

The wife an' freens they did reeze their plan,
An' the wrichts were set to wark,
The gallows rase in a clap o' han',
For they vrocht in licht an' mark.

But fa did swing on the wuddy's rape
Let the auncient story tell;
Nae him 'at refeesed to lift his kep;
It was Haman's michty sel'!

I hae seen the like, for I've aften watch'd—
The Almichty's in't, they say—
The biter bit, an' the trapper catch'd
I' the girn he set for's fae.

You're no to herbour a deevil's hert,
You're no to tak' up wi' spite,
You're no to plot anither's desert,
As if his was a' the wite.

Pit oot the lirks o' your sulky broo,
  Lat us see the sheen o' love;
Wha's mair deservin' a sclaff than you!
  Ay, a clour withoot the glove!

Big gallow's beams till they touch the meen,
  Howk a pit as deep as hell—
It's only a heicher showd, my freen,
  A farrer fa' for yoursel'.

## THE PRIESTS AND THE SAMARITAN.

He cam' doon "The Bluidy Highway" i' the bonny simmer rays,
Nae a thocht o' thieves or robbers in his heid:
Ere he kent they had his siller; ay, they pilk'd his vera claes,
An' belaubir't him, an' left him there for deid.

But there's surely help a-comin', for there's priests upo' the road—
They've been up at the cathedral at their wark:
They are fu' o' love an' peety fae the holy Hoose o' God,
An' they winna leave a brither bash'd an' stark?

They cud hear the waefu' grainin', they cud see the vratch's plicht,
But they stappit ower the trinkies rinnin' red,
For they needit to be hame afore the fa'in' o' the nicht
To hae pray'rs wi' wife an' bairnies ere they'd bed.

"An', forbye, the scoon'ral robbers micht be hidin' near at han',
They mith clour oor sculls, an' filch oor hard-won tin;

There are ithers on the road, nae doot, 'at can befreen the man,
We had better tuck oor flappin' goons an' rin."

He wis nether priest nor parson that cam' ridin' doon his leen,
But he jumpit fae the saidle in a clap,
Syne he baath'd an' bun the haggers—some were gapin' to the been—
Nor for robbers i' the gulley cared a rap.

" Na, he isna o' my kwintra, an' he isna o' my kirk,
He wid ban me, he wid kyaard me gin he kent,
But for a' that he's a brither, an' I widna leave a stirk
I' the thraws o' threet'nin' death an' nae tak' tent.

So he took him in his oxter, an' he pat him on his hack,
An' they creepit doon the wye as far's the inn:
" Noo, my lan'lord, ye'll tak' chairge until his wits an' pith come back;
Here's the siller: keep him quaet—awa' fae din.

" It'll maybe be a filie ere he's richt aboot the heid,
For the rascals they hae fairly crack'd his croon;
But ye winna hain the siller, an' ye'll gie him fat he'll need,
An' I'll squaar wi' you when next I'm on the roun'."

Oh, the Maister spak' aboot it—the great Maister fae
the skies;
An' as lang's there's rinnin' streams, an' forest leaves,
Thae twa priests 'll get their dixie, an' this man 'll get
the prize—
He was freen to him 'at fell amo' the thieves.

## THE MAISTER, THE PHARISEE, AN' THE WOMAN.

(Luke vii. 36-48.)

SQUIRE SIMON wis a muckle man
  Baith in the kirk an' toon,
An' bade up i' the muckle hoose
  Near to the city's boun.

He did the honours o' the place,
  An' thocht he did them weel;
His denner an' his supper spreads
  War leebral an' genteel.

Fin ony ane cam' in the gate
  Wi' siller or wi' fame,
The magnate wisna lang afore
  He haed them at his hame.

An' sae fin He o' Galilee
  Wis seen upo' the street,
The muckle man strauchtwye resolved
  To gie Him an inveet.

" We'll hae Him up the morn's nicht,"
He said to his gweedwife;
" Fa kens fat He'll turn oot to be?
Sic chances are na rife.

" Fin I gyang doon the toon the day
I'll tryst to meet Him here
Some pious cronies o' oor kirk;
We'll size Him up, my dear."

The Prophet cam' withoot demur,
Wi' twal as peer's Himsel;
The flunkies turned their noses up,
An' whisked the swalla-tail.

An' ane cam' in wi' dragglet claes,
Wi' mair than dragglet soul;
She 'd kent ower weel the city's howffs,
An' taen the deevil's toll.

Ae day she h'ard prood Simon's Guest;
He spak' to her her leen,
An' kenlet in her fousome hert
A lowe that made it clean.

An' never fin she haed the chance,
Cud she keep fae His sicht;
An' that wis foo she creepit in
To Simon's hoose that nicht.

Aneth her tatter'd shawl wis scent
To baathe His blessed feet,
But mair cam' fae her gratefu' e'en,
For she begood to greet.

She lowsed her lang an' toozlet hair
To dicht the draps that fell,
She kissed His feet for vera joy
That she'd won oot o' hell.

But Simon thocht na muckle o't,
An' scool't wi' a' his face:
" Gin this man war fat people say
He'd shoo her fae the place."

The Prophet fine cud read his thocht,
An' dippet him upon 't,
An' gart his host lay doon his speen,
File He gied him this dunt:—

" Twa men war owre the lugs in debt,
Ane hunners, an' ane mair;
The creditor forgya them baith:
Whilk haed maist thanks to ware?

" ' The man that awed the maist '? Ye're richt.
Noo hearken unto Me:
This lass, fae love, has sweetly deen
Fat ye refeesed to dee.

"Ye warna aiven ceevil, sir;
Nae water for My feet,
Nae ointment for My weary heid,
Nor kiss o' welcome meet.

"But she's gien a', an' wi' her hert,
Because she kent her debt,
An' Fa it wis that blot it oot,
An' shawed the richteous gate.

"*She* 's deen the honours o' the hoose
An' nae the laird an' host;
For love will aye dee mair than pelf,
An' wintin pride or boast.

"Gin ye but kent hoo much ye awe,
That God haed scored it oot,
Ye widna win'er at this lass,
But raither follow suit.

"Gweed-bye, my woman. Gyang in peace,
Ye've loved an' trusted me;
Yer love an' faith hiv made ye hale,
An' Heaven 's in front o' ye."

## THE PRODIGAL SON;
### Or, The Laddie That Gaed Wrang.

A muckle fairmer haed twa loons,
  But ane gaed throu' the bows,
An' dealt the aul' man mony stoons
  Wi' tigs, an' drink, an' rows.

An' to get better oot his heid,
  An' hae his wicket fling,
He gart his fader sign a deed
  That gied him half the bing.

Syne did he scoot, an' banged the door,
  An' owre the dales an' hills,
To howffs an' scamps he'd kent afore,
  To ill-faured wark that kills.

At heck an' manger he gaed on,
  Forgat his hame an' ha',
Connacht mony a mither's son,
  For coorseness beat them a'.

But things gae deen, baith pith an' pence,
  Wi' him 'at never guides,
An' this peer vratch 'at wintit sense,
  Noo wintit a' besides.

The siller gane, his freens grew fyow,
Rags flappit on his beens,
He rase a' dreepin' wi' the dyow
Fae bed o' funs an' steens.

Ill-cled, fair runtit, yappy, sair
Wi' mony scarts an' thuds,
He prigget, till he cud nae mair,
For breid, a job, an' duds.

Ae day a chiel did peety shaw,
An' gya him swine tae hird,
An' fain wad he hae fullt his maw
Wi' maet for beast an' bird.

Fae troch to troch he hirplet roon,
For hert an' queets war lame;
"Gweed help me! for I'm far, far doon:"
An' then he thocht o' hame.

"Ahin yon hills my fader bides,
Aneuch aye there for a';
There man an' beast hae thrivin' hides,
A heapit caup an' sta'.

"I'll chanc't tho' I've kick't owre the theat,
Tho' taes teet throu' my shee,
Gin he'll no gie's a parlour seat,
A chaumer han' I'll be."

Wi' that he rase an' cam' awa',
An' scushlet owre the miles,
Till, pechin', at lang length he saw
His fader's parks and stiles.

He lap the burn o' guddlin' years,
An' up the rigs he'd ploo'd;
The lums o' hame brocht scaumin' tears;
He fairly grat alood.

But, hearken! there's the collie's bark,
An' that's the aul' man's swing;
He'd seen him i' the farrest park,
An' gart the staffy fling.

Wi' noo a spang, an' files a rin,
As if at fire's alairms:
A jiffy—an' his greetin' sin
Was sabbin' in his airms.

"O, fader, I've deen wrang,"—but mair
The laddie mauna speak;
Fat need ava o' ither prayer
Than that begrutten cheek?

"I ken fat ye wad say, my boy,
I see it in your e'en;
But nocht sall be the day but joy,
The wrang is a' forgi'en.

" Lat's to the toon wi' kibble feet,
An' kill the fattest steer;
We'll turn the soorness into sweet,
For dool we will hae cheer.

" We'll wag the ploomen fae the yoke,
The shepherds fae the braes,
An' ilky ane 'll cast his smock
An' don his brawest claes.

" We'll gaither a' the kwintra side,
Oor freens o' a' degree;
For ye've come back wi' me to bide,
An' full't my cup wi' glee."

An' that is Heaven's Fader, men,
The trowth the Christ brocht new:
He traivell't here that ye micht ken
Hoo God 'll dae wi' you.

O, peer, far wan'ert, waistrel chaps,
He's leukin' doon the road:
He'll see you on the farrest knaps:
Come ye yer wa's to God.

## THE ELDER BRITHER;

### Or, The Brither That Wisna Britherly.

The aul'er loon was cuttin' sprots
  Oot by the mairchin' burn,
For there war nae mislippent jots
  Fin he cud tak' his turn.

When he cam' in by to the toon,
  An' h'ard the michty splore,
He asket o' the strapper loon
  'At hearkent at the door,

Fat a' the din an' hoochs cud mean?
  He tell't a' in a crack—
Wi' lauchin' mou an' sheenin' e'en—
  Aboot the comin' back.

"Yer fader's nae to haud nor bin,
  An', loshins, fat a spree!
Ye'll turse yersel an' gyang richt in,
  A gledsome sicht ye'll see."

'Twas news he didna like to hear,
  A clood cam' owre his broo;
The noisy lot he'd nae gae near,
  Nor touch their broth an' stew.

His fader prigget wi' him sair,
But he was on the bung;
He widna stan't! it wisna fair!
His brither wis a slung!

"But yet fin he comes skulkin' here,
Ye kill the bonny mairt,
Tho's siller's waurt on vice an' beer,
Ye tak' him to yer hert.

"Lang I've been wi' ye, oot an' in,
Been eident late an' air;
I've haint the siller, rais't nae din,
Nor plantit ae grey hair.

"An' a' for fat? I dinna ken:
For naething worth a preen;
Nae ev'n a weary bantin hen
To feast a chum or freen."

His wirds war like a serpent's stang:
The aul' man's smile took flicht;
He kent he had AE son gae wrang,
The ITHER wisna richt.

"Oh, laddie, dinna speak like that,
An' spile the day for a',—
A day for mirth an' mirth's ootlat,
An' nae for sulks ava.

"Ay, ye've been wi's in shooer an' shine,
An' never left the nest;
Ye've haed the rin o' a' that's mine,
But hinna choiced the best.

"O' meat an' drink ye've had yer share,
O' siller ta'en yer pairt;
Ye've aye atten't the faimly prayer;
Ye've nae the faimly hert.

"Fat shud ye thraw yer mou aboot?
A brither's but a name
'At fain wad keep anither oot
That's wintin to come hame.

"Gin iver onything was richt,
An' onything was mean,
They're here in fat I've deen the nicht,
In fat ye hinna deen."

O Heaven, pit on me Thy seal,
Gie me the muckle hert;
Be mair to me my brither's weal
Than my bit place an' pairt.

I'd welcome wan'ert anes tho', 'deed,
They'll get mair claps than me,
An' pruve mysel' a freen o' Gweed,
An' nae a Pharisee.

## ZACCHEUS;

### Or, The Little Taxman.

The news it spread like wildfire,
'Twas kent to lass an' loon,
The Prophet fae the north shire
Wis comin' to the toon.

They spak' o't at the hearthsteen,
In bourachs i' the street,
The closes said, "It's *oor* Freen;"
For joy the sick did greet.

The croods began to gaither,
An' fester ran their bleed,
A' smiled to ane anither,
Excep' the unco gweed.

The taxman lock't his coffers,
An' said the clerks micht gyang:
They didna need twa offers,
But oot an' jined the thrang.

Their maister took the bywyes,
An' quick wis i' the steer,
An' seen he h'ard the gled cries—
"The Rabbi's nearly here."

But hoo see owre the crood's back
Fin stature is but laich?
He speeled up till a tree's glack,
An' waitit in a pech.

The Prophet trampit slowly,
An' gracious was His mien;
Wi' lordly step, yet lowly,
Wi' kind yet searchin' e'en.

He saw an' didna swither,
But hailed the little man—
" I'm lookin' for ye, brither,
Come doon as fest's ye can.

" I'm nae gyaan ony farder,
I'm bidin' here the day,
I'll tax yer love an' larder;
Come doon withoot delay."

Sae airm in airm they linkit,
An' wastward took the road;
The taxman mithna think it,
But he wis aff to God.

The angels stopped their harpin',
An' eager look't on him,
The unco gweed war carpin',
An' glower'd wi' faces grim.

"An' that's the Prophet faamous,
That a' the toon did dra',
Awa' to tak' an awmous
Fae him we a' misca'!"

The twa they never dacklet,
Nor ever lookit roun',
An' reached, wi' love weel shacklet,
The wast en' o' the toon.

The wife she tell't her tribbles,
The hate she had to dree,
The youngsters shawed their gibbles,
An' clamb the Stranger's knee.

Far throu' the nicht colloguin',
Sat taxman an' his Guest;
The wirkin' fowk war joggin'
Afore they socht their rest.

But a' that wis taen throu' han',
An' a' that they did say,
We'll never ken in this lan';
We'll maybe ken some day.

But this is nae a fable—
Ye never truer read—
That at the brakfast table,
The taxman rase an' said:

" O Lord, but I've been greedy—
It's trowth the neebours say—
Oonfair to bien an' needy,
I see it a' the day.

" But half o' a' my gettin'
Sall plenish peer an' auld,
An' fat I took with chaitin',
Sall a' gae back fower fauld."

The Prophet o' the far fame
Cam' doon the marble stair;
He'd deen His best to that hame—
He left salvation there.

He cured the blin' an' ailin'
That waitit i' the street,
His peety never failin',
He made the bitter sweet.

But neen o' a' His winnin's
Sae brichtened up the road,
As stoppin' that man's sinnin's
'At wis sae far fae God.

## THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

Twa men gaed up the brae to kirk,
  As the aul' bell clank'd her jow:
The taen a fell conçaited birk,
  The tither doon i' the mou.

The first begood his prayers slap-bang—
  Didna Heaven wint to hear?
He shudna keep them wytin' lang,
  Nor hinner the angels' cheer.

He needit nocht fae Pooers abeen;
  He had a'thing an' to spare;
Gin grace was scrimp ayont the meen,
  He cud len' some gweedness there.

"I'm gled I'm sic a santly chiel,
  That I'm no like ither fowk—
Hame-drauchtit, swicks, wha sair the deil
  In wyes that maist gar me cowk.

"Ae fast a towmond's a' we need;
  But aft I the aumrie steek;
An' I wi' tiends the rowle exceed
  'At cam' doon fae Moses meek."

The tither steed, a waefu' wicht,
  An' he dauredna lift an e'e;
An' there he cried, wi' tearfu' micht,
  "O peetifu' God, min' me!"

Whilk o' the twa gaed hame forgi'en
  On that holy Sawbath day?
Whilk o' them had his sowl made clean?
  Was't him 'at had maist to say?

Na: nae the boy 'at reez'd himsel',
  An' blackguairded ither fowks,
An' thocht the scaumin' lowe o' hell
  Was for a' but his smug chouks.

'Twas him 'at cudna lift his e'en,
  An' hadna a wird to say
For a' the hairm he'd thocht an' deen,
  'At gaed hame in peace that day.

For him 'at's sweer to own the vrang,
  Heaven jist maun lat him be;
But him that sings peccavi's sang
  Will the Lord's salvation see.

Twa men cam' hame fae kirk fu' snod -
  Braw kwite an' sheenin' boot—
But ane was farrer in wi' God,
  An' the ither farrer oot.

## TWA SISTERS AN' THEIR BRITHER;

### Or, Martha, Mary, and Lazarus.

The sun had set on Olivet, an' darkness thick came doon,
'Twis seelence but an' ben excep' for Mary's waesome croon;
Their brither he wis richt nae weel, wis 'oorly growin' waur,
An' Him they aye dependit on wis in Perea far.

"But never min'," said Martha, as she dried her sister's tears,
An' pat her airms roun' her neck, an' socht to quaet her fears;
"Oor neebour says he'll gyang the morn an' tell oor Freen the news,
An' He'll be here het fit, ye'll see; He never cud refuse."

Yet oh! the Maister cam' na, an' altho' they warna coo'rds,
Baith sisters grat as they looked doon the road to Jordan's foords;

An' syne they stoppit lookin', for their brither he was deid;
The warst had noo befa'n them; there wis naething mair to dreed.

But they were nae forgotten by the Freen that never fails,
By Him 'at his a roomy hert for ilky ane that ails,
An' dowie death haed hardly made the lanely sisters wae,
Fin they war taul the Maister an' His Twal war on the brae.

'Twis Martha gaed to meet Him, an' she tell't Him fat she thocht;
She win'ert that He didna gie the skeel an' help they socht;
Gin He had come fin they sent wird their brither widna dee'd;
But maybe He'd dae something yet, for He had poo'er wi' Gweed.

The Maister answered kin'ly, an' wi' bonnie wirds o' cheer;
"Yer brither 'll come oot the mools, he'll rise again, for seer,
An' nae on some far distant day yer misty e'en do see;
Yer brither isna deid, my lass; he lives, he lives in Me."

An' syne He speert for Mary 'at wis aye sae near His hert,
An' fin she h'ard He wintet *her* she till Him like a dert;
He looked on her begrutten face that tell't o' drumly soul;
Richt sair it wis for Him to hae *her* keen reproach to thole.

Thegither, then, 'mid sabs an' grains, they slowly took their wye,
Oontill they cam' up till the greff whaur Lazarus' corpse did lie;
On ilky coontenance He saw dool's signature wis vrat;
He cudna langer haud it back, an' fair brak' doon an' grat.

But greetin' wisna a' the help the Maister haed to gie,
Altho' the Lord's gryte-hertedness wis comfortin' to see;
But He had come to speak to death, an' sen' it till it's cooch,
An' tak' His leal an' lovin' freen oot o' its clammy clootch.

He h'ard the murners clatt'rin' as if He had nae deen richt—
" He cud as easy cured His freen as gie the blin' their sicht ":—

He ne'er lat on He h'ard them, but He laid peer
Martha's fear,
Wha thocht the corpse wis owre far gane for them to
ventur' near.

He gart them rowe aff fae the greff the steen 'at steek't
its mou,
An' syne He had a wird wi' God—His Pairtner here a'
throu';
Then clair an' strang the order rang 'at bade His freen
come oot,
An' Lazarus steed i' the licht! Nae room for quirk or
doot.

They war twa blithesome sisters as wis ever kent to
fame,
As airm in airm they brocht their blint'rin' brither back
to hame:
But nae mair blithe than we will be when greffs gi'e
back oor ain,
An' we forgaither whaur the'll be nor dool nor death
again.

# GLOSSARY.

# GLOSSARY.

Abeen, above
Aefauld, single-hearted; sincere
Aff, off
Afore, before
Aften, often
Agee, awry
Ahin, behind
Ain, own
Aince, once
Air, early
Aiten, oaten
Aith, oath
Alane, alone
Alloo, allow
Ane, one
Aneth, beneath
Aneuch, enough
Antrin, occasional
Argie-bargie, contention
Aul', old
Aumrie, cupboard
Ava, at all
Awat, I wot; indeed; truly
Awcre, acre
Awe, owe
Awmous, alms; dole
Ayon, Ayont, beyond

Baillie, a man or boy in charge of cattle
Baith, both
Bantin, bantam
Barm, ferment
Been, bone
Beet, *v.* bet; *n.* boot
Begeck, disappointment
Begood, began
Begrutten, tear-stained
Belt, narrow plantation
Belyve, by and by
Bien, well-to-do
Biggin, building; house
Billet, lot; situation
Billy, fellow; comrade
Bing, crowd; heap; pile
Birkie, lively, smart fellow
Birl, brisk dance
Birn, burden
Blaud, spoil
Bleb, sip; tipple
Bleck, puzzle; defeat
Bleed, blood
Blinter, blink
Bourach, a knot, or group, as of people
Bows, wooden yokes. *To go throu' the bows*, to misbehave
Braw, fine; pleasant
Braxy, an internal inflammation in sheep
Bree, liquid; liquor
Breem, broom; a thatch of broom
Breet, brute (used in a kindly sense)
Breid, bread
Bress, brass
Bridder, Brither, brother
Brig, bridge
Broch, halo
Brod, collecting-box in a church
Broo, brow
Brookie, blacksmith
Broon, brown
Bubbly, turkey-cock
Bucker, annoyance; nuisance
Buik, book
Bung, ill-humour; huff
But an' ben, the two apartments of a cottage
Byous, out of the common; exceedingly

Ca', call; drive
Caird, tinker
Car, calves
Carl, a churl; a man
Catechis, catechism
Caul, cold
Caup, bowl
Chafts, chops; cheeks
Chait, cheat, cheated
Chirm, complain; fret
Chaumer, chamber; sleeping-place for farm servants
Chiel, a fellow; a man
Chouk, cheek
Clachan, hamlet
Claes, clothes
Clair, clear
Claithe, clothe
Clood, cloud
Cloot, blow
Clootch, clutch
Clorty, dirty; messy
Clyte, a heavy fall
Collogue, *v.* converse; *n.* intimate conversation
Conçaited, conceited
Confoon, confound
Connach, spoil; destroy
Conter, contradict
Cooch, dog's kennel
Coup, upset
Cower, recover
Couthie, kindly; agreeably pleasant
Cowk, vomit
Craft, croft
Crap, crop. *Shook their craps*, gave expression to their grievances and feelings
Cratur, creature
Craw, crow
Creesh, thrash
Crine, shrink; shrivel
Croon, crown; the head
Croose, bright; happy
Crowp, croak; complain
Crummie, cow
Cud, could
Cuist, cast
Curn, a quantity; a company

Dacent, decent
Dackle, lessen speed
Darger, day-labourer
Dask, desk
Daud, stroke
Daur, dare
Deave, deafen; annoy
Dee, do; die
Deen, done
Deester, doer; promoter
Dert, dart
Dicht, clean; wipe up
Dinna, don't
Dip, challenge; discuss
Dird, thump
Dirl, vibrate
Dist, dust
Divot, piece of turf
Dixie, severe scolding
Dizzen, dozen
Docken, common dock plant (*Rumex pratensis*)
Dominie, schoolmaster
Donnert, in dotage; stupid
Dook, bathe
Dool, woe; grief
Doon, down
Doot, doubt
Dother, daughter
Dottle, become stupid and fretful
Dowie, sad; dismal
Dree, endure
Dreed, dread
Dreel, drill
Dreep, drip
Drow, fit of illness
Drowse, become drowsy; indulge in drowsiness
Drumly, muddy
Ducksie, dull; lazy
Duds, clothes
Dunt, blow; thump
Dwalm, fit of sickness
Dwebble, feeble
Dwine, languish; waste away

E'e, E'en, eye, eyes
Eese, use
Eeswall, usual
Efter, after
Eident, diligent

Eke, addition
Elbick, elbow
Ettle, aim at
Excamb, exchange one piece of land for another

Fa, who?
Fa', fall
Fader, father
Fae, *prep.* from; *n.* foe
Faem, foam
Fairm, Fairmer, farm, farmer
Fan, when
Fang, scamp
Far, where
Far-ben, in high favour
Farever, wherever
Fash, trouble
Fat, what
Faul, fold
Faut, fault
Fecht, fight
Feedle, field
Feel, fool
Feem, fume
Fegs, truly (exclamation of surprise)
Fesh, fetch
File, while
Files, sometimes
Fin, when
Fit, foot. *Fit-an'-mou*, foot-and-mouth disease
Fite, white. *Fite-iron*, tin ware
Fivver, fever
Flech, flea
Fleed, head ridge on which the plough is turned
Fleg, *v.* frighten; *n.* fright
Fleer, floor
Fleerish, flourish
Fob, pant
Fog, gather wealth. Foggit, having acquired wealth
Foo, *adj.* full; *adv.* how; why
Fooner, founder
Foorich, work in a flurried manner
Forby, besides
Forenent, over against
Forfochen, over-tasked; worn out
Forgaither, meet together
Forrit, forward
Foumart, pole-cat; offensive creature
Fousome, foul
Fower, four
Freen, friend
Fudder, move hurriedly
Funs, whins
Fussle, whistle
Fyow, few

Gae, go
Gager, exciseman
Gairdy, arm
Gait, way; pace; motion
Galore, in abundance; plentifully
Gamey, gamekeeper
Gangrel, vagrant
Gar, compel; force
Gartens, garters
Gate, way
Gee, sullenness; stubbornness
Gibbles, wares; odds and ends
Gidder, gather
Gied, gave
Girn, snare
Gin, if
Girse, grass
Glack, fork of a tree
Glaiket, senseless; stupid
Glaur, mud; ooze
Gled, glad
Gleg, *adj.* sharp; *n.* gadfly
Gowd, gold
Gowpenfu', fill of the two hands placed side by side
Grain, groan
Greet, Grat, weep, wept
Greff, grave
Grun', ground
Gurr, growl
Gryte, great
Gyte, mad
Gweed, good
Gyang, *v.* go; *n.* a gang
Gyaun, Gyaan, going

Habber, stutter
Hae, have
Haed, had

Haffets, temples; sides of the head
Hagger, wound; cut with a jagged edge
Haill, Hale, whole
Hain, save; husband
Hairst, harvest
Hame, home
Hame-drauchtit, selfish
Haud, hold
Haudin, holding
Heck an' manger. *To live at heck an' manger*, to have the run of everything, to live extravagantly
Hedder, heather
Heich, high
Heid, head
Herry, rob
Hert, heart
Het, hot
Hinmost, last
Hinner, hinder
Hirple, limp; hobble
Hiv, *v.* have; *n.* hoof
Hoast, cough
Hooch, shout
Hunner, hundred
Howff, a place of resort; a place of evil repute
Hurschle, move along a seat without rising

Idelty, idle frolic
Ile, oil
Ilk, Ilky, each, every
Ill-faured, ugly; unbecoming
Ither, other

Jaw, chatter; abusive talk
Jibble, small quantity of any liquid (used contemptuously)
Jile, gaol
Jot, job; piece of work
Jouk, dodge
Jow, sound of bell

Kail, colewort. *Kail throu' the reek*, a drubbing
Kaim, comb
Keerious, curious
Ken, know
Kenle, kindle
Kep, *n.* cap; *v.* intercept
Kerridge, carriage
Kibble, active
Kirs'en, christen
Kist, chest
Kitchie, kitchen
Kittlin, kitten
Knap, knoll
Kneef, fairly healthy and active
Kwintra, country
Kwite, coat
Kyaard, abuse
Kye, cows

Laft, loft
Laich, low
Lair, sink in bog or mud
Laist, last
Lammie, lamb
Lang, long
Langidge, language; words
Lap, leaped
Lauch, laugh
Lave, the rest; the remainder
Lear, learning
Lee, lie
Leear, liar
Leen, alone
Leeshins, licence
Licht, light
Lichtnin, lightning
Lift, sky
Lippen, trust
Lippie, fourth of a peck
Lirk, crease
Lith, joint; segment
Loon, lad; boy
Loose, louse
Loshins, exclamation of surprise or wonder
Lowe, flame
Lowse, leave off work
Lug, ear
Lyart, streaked with grey

Maet, food
Maik, halfpenny
Mair, more
Mairch, bound

Mairt, ox killed at Martinmas for winter use
Maist, most
Malagruze, bruise
Mang, long for eagerly
Maroonjus, harsh; outrageous
Maun, must
Mauna, must not
Mawkin, hare
Mear, mare
Meen, moon
Meen, pity
Meesic-fan, musical instrument (used contemptuously)
Mengyie, crowd; huddled mass
Micht, might
Minneer, great noise
Mislippen, neglect
Mith, might
Mither, mother
Mirk, darkness
Mirky, smiling; merry
Misdoot, doubt (*mis*, intensive)
Missaucre, hurt severely
Moggin, stocking used as a purse
Mony, many
Mou, mouth
Mools, moulds; earth of a grave
Mowse, used negatively. *Nae mowse*, dangerous
Moyen, accomplish by means; allure
Muckle, large; much
Mullert, miller
Murn, mourn

Nae, none; not
Naething, nothing
Nane, none
Neebour, Neiper, neighbour
Neeps, turnips
Neist, next
Newlins, newly
Nicht, night
Niz, nose
Nob, nose
Nocht, nought
Noo, now
Note, bank note
Nyatter, speak fretfully or angrily; grumble

Ocht, aught; ought
Ontill, Oontill, *conj.* till; *prep.* on to
Oolet, owl
Oor, hour; our
Oorie, eerie; dismal
Ootbrak, outbreak
Ootlat, outlet; expression
Ootlin, stranger; outcast
Orra, idle; low; odd. *Orra wark*, odd jobs
Ouk, week
Owre, over
Oxter, armpit; bosom

Pailin, stake-fence
Pairis, parish
Pech, pant
Peel, pill
Peer, poor
Peety, pity
Pey, pay
Pick, small quantity
Pickthank, ungrateful
Pilk, pilfer
Pit, put
Plantin, plantation
Pleuch, plough
Pleura, pleuro-pneumonia
Ploitery, wet; muddy
Ploo, Plooman, plough, ploughman
Pooch, pocket
Pooer, power
Poopit, pulpit
Pooshan, poison
Pran, crush; hurt severely or fatally
Preen, pin
Prig, plead hard
Protick, rash or idle experiment or adventure
Puckle, number; quantity

Quaet, quiet
Queed, cud
Queel, cool
Queet, ankle
Quine, girl

Raith, quarter of a year
Randy, virago; loose-tongued woman
Rape, rope
Raw, row
Rax, stretch; hand
Redd, clear out
Reemis, rumbling noise; heavy blow
Reest, *n.* roost; *v.* refuse to move
Reeve, tore
Reeze, praise
Refeese, refuse
Richt, right
Rig, ridge; section of a field; trick
Rin, run
Rinnins, main outlines
Rist, rest
Rizzon, reason
Roch, rough. *Roch an' richt*, rough in manners
Roose, rouse
Roost, rust
Rottans, rats
Roy't, frolicsome
Ruck, rick
Runtit, having lost all

Sab, sob
Sae, so
Saick, sack
Saidle, saddle
Sair, sore
Sairs, ailments
Sansbach, saucy; disdainful
Sark, shirt
Sarkit, undershirt
Sautie, tasting of salt
Saxty, sixty
Scaffy, scavenger
Scaith, injury; damage
Scance, scan
Scart, scratch
Scashle, quarrel
Scaul, scold
Scaum, scald
Scaup, thin, poor soil
Sclaff, stroke
Sclaffert, stroke with the hand
Sclait, slate
Scool, scowl
Scooneral, scoundrel
Scoot, *n.* term of contempt; *v.* hurry off
Scouth-an'-routh, freedom to range and plenty of food
Scraich, shriek
Scushle, shuffle
Seck, sack
Seelence, silence
Seen, since; soon; ago
Segs, sedge; the yellow iris
Seer, sure
Shall, shell
Shalt, pony
Shangie, fight; scrimmage
Shank, stocking being knitted; the leg. *To shank it*, to walk
Sharger, a stunted person or animal
Shaw, show
Shee, shoe
Shirra, sheriff
Shirrameer, tumult
Shooer, shower
Showd, swing
Sibness, relationship
Sic, Siccan, such
Sicht, sight
Sin, son
Sin', since
Sin'er, separate
Sizzon, season
Skaim, scheme
Skate, jade (term of contempt)
Skeel, skill
Skelp, smack; blow
Skirt, hurry off
Skweel, school
Skyrie, glaring; showy
Slicht, slight
Slung, a low fellow
Smeddum, intelligence; shrewdness
Smert, smart
Smore, smother
Smuchter, smoulder
Sna, snow
Snapper, stumble

Sneeshin, snuff
Snell, sharp; cold
Snod, tidy; neat
Socht, sought
Sodger, soldier
Soople, supple
Sorn, sponge upon; loaf
Soss, mess
Souch, sough
Souder, solder
Sowf, whistle in a low tone
Sowl, soul
Spairge, bespatter
Speel, climb
Speer, Speir, Spier, ask
Split, quarrel; separate
Splore, frolic; revel
Sprag, a piece of wood or iron used to block a wheel
Sprot, a coarse kind of grass
Spurtle-shanks, thin legs
Sta', stall
Stack, a pile of peats
Stance, site
Stane, stone
Stang, sting; pole; steering-rod
Stank, ditch
Stap, step; stop
Steek, shut
Steen, stone
Steer, stir
Stoon, ache
Stoot, strong
Stour, dust; a downpour
Stow, steal
Strae, straw
Strang, strong
Straucht, straight
Streen, last night
Stridelins, astride
Stripe, small open drain
Strush, Strushie, quarrel; disturbance
Struve, strove
Swack, supple
Swallin, swelling
Sweer, lazy
Sweer, swear
Swick, cheat
Swype, sweep
Swyppirt, swift
Syne, since; then

Tack, lease
Tackie, a game
Tag, leather strap
Tapdress, manure on the surface
Tatie, potato
Tatie-boodie, scarecrow among potatoes
Taul, told
Tee, too; also
Teem, empty
Teen, humour; temper
Teet, peep
Tent, care. *Tak' tent*, give heed to, have a care for
Teuch, tough
Teuk, took
Thack, thatch
Theat, trace by which horses draw plough, etc.
Thole, bear; endure
Thocht, thought
Thrang, throng
Thrapple, throttle
Threeve, throve
Throu', through
Thunner, thunder
Tig, fit of ill-humour
Tink, tinker
Tint, lost
Tirr, strip off; uncover
Toozle, dishevel; tussle
Tourin, towering
Towmond, Towmon, twelvemonths
Trag, trash
Trauchle, drudge; overtoil
Tribble, trouble
Trig, tidy
Trink, Trinkie, narrow channel
Troch, trough
Trock, goods of no value; trash
Trogs, troth (as an oath)
Trowth, truth
Tryst, appoint a meeting
Turse, dress; adjust one's clothes
Twa, two
Twal, twelve

Tyauve, struggle
Tyesday, Tuesday
Tyke, dog

Umman, woman
Unco, strange
Uphaud, uphold

Vooch, vouch
Vrang, wrong
Vratch, wretch
Vreet, write
Vricht, wright; carpenter
Vrocht, wrought

Wa', wall
Wae, *n.* woe; *adj.* sorrowful
Wark, work
Warstle, struggle
Wat, wet
Waucht, weight
Wauken, wake
Weans, children
Wecht, weight
Weel, well
Weel-a-wat, assuredly
Weer, wear, wire; knitting-needle
Whang, blow; lash
Whapper, lie
Whaup, curlew
Wheen, number; quantity
Whilk, which
Wicht, wight; person; fellow
Wid, *v.* would; *n.* wood
Widdiefu', romp; scamp
Widder, weather
Wide, weed
Wimple, wind; meander
Winna, will not
Wintin, without
Wird, word
Wirm, worm
Wirsit, worsted
Wirth, worth
Wraith, drift; wrath
Wrang, wrong
Wricht, carpenter
Wuddie, gallows
Wull, bewildered; astray
Wye, way
Wylins, selections
Wyte, *v.* wait; *n.* blame
Wyve, weave; knit

Yap, hungry
Yett, gate
Yird, earth
Yirn, curdle

## SOME PRESS NOTICES.

"Some of Mr. Abel's *Wylins* are assured of a place in any discriminating anthology of verse in the Aberdonian vernacular. They have the poetic vision with the tang of the soil as well as genuine qualities of humour and pathos."—*Scotsman.*

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